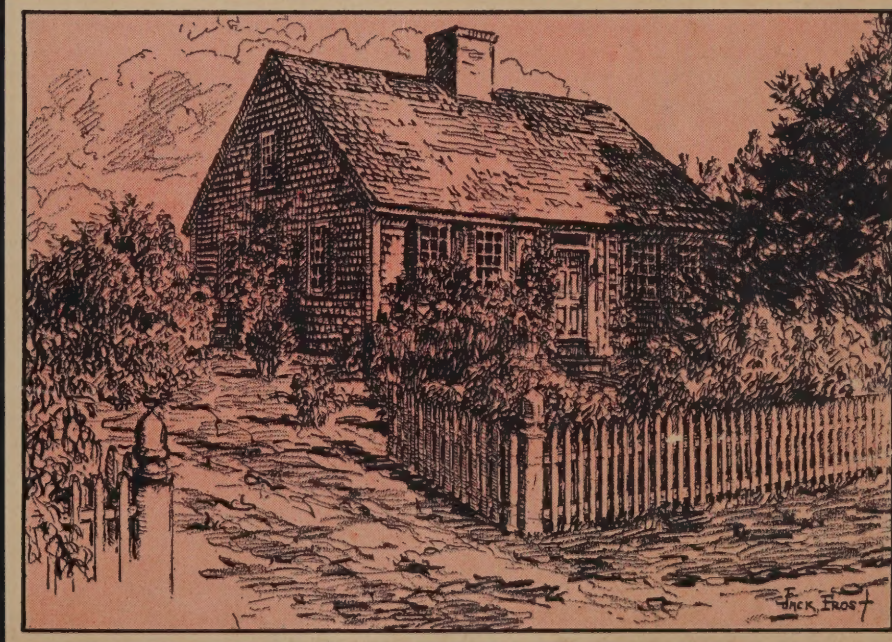


# A Cape Cod Sketch Book

*A 'Fancy This' Book*

By  
JACK  
FROST





## *A Cape Cod Sketch Book*

Jack Frost, although still in his early twenties, has already become one of New England's best-loved artists. His drawings with their engaging captions appeared daily in the *Boston Herald* a few years ago; and last year his *Fancy This—A New England Sketch Book*, a collection of his newspaper drawings achieved a wide press and phenomenal New England sale.

*John P. Marquand* wrote of his work: "From the very beginning Mr. Frost exhibited a happy ingenuity for finding odd buildings and corners in Boston and its environs, and later up and down the roads of the New England states, and in collecting the stray pieces of ephemeral history connected with them, much of which might otherwise be forgotten. By the use of his pen, both as an artist and a writer, he revealed the unusual aspects of doorways, roofs, bridges, and buildings which thousands of his public had passed daily without a thought as to their beauty or significance . . . He aroused a new interest in old landmarks, and a new realization of how much there is in Boston and elsewhere beyond the run of ordinary existence . . . These drawings were warm with human interest. . . . For those of us who have not been careful to clip his work as it appeared it is good news that our carelessness may be repaired and that a new collection of what he has seen and found is now being given permanent place in book form."

*A Cape Cod Sketch Book* contains nearly one hundred drawings, all of which have been done especially for the book. As in *Fancy This* each drawing is enlivened by fascinating comment about the charming, the interesting, and the curious places which make Cape Cod the mecca of countless thousands.

There is more of the real history and spirit of the Cape in these firm, delicate sketches than can be found in any of the carefully written texts, Frost having captured the very essence of the sea, the sand dunes, the quaint architecture, and the salt tang in the air.

Brewster Ladies Library

Mrs. Thomas S. Crowell  
Yarmouth Port Mass.

From

Richard

Christmas 1939



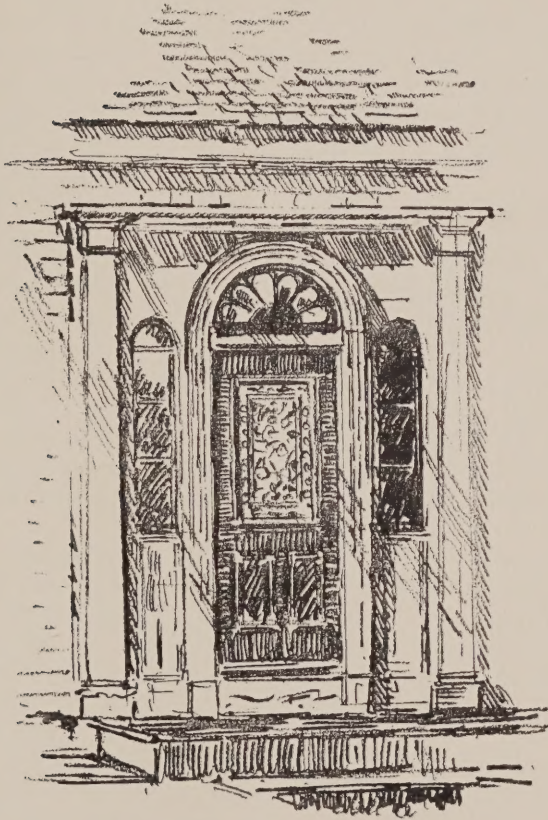


Jack Frost





*A Cape Cod*  
SKETCH BOOK  
(A FANCY THIS BOOK)



BY JACK FROST

COWARD-McCANN, INC., NEW YORK

**Brewster Ladies Library**  
Brewster, Mass.

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MANUFACTURED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA



## INTRODUCTION

There have been many "picture books" of Cape Cod, some photographic, some, like this one, products of the artist's brain and pencil. During the past ten years a number of such books have been published. This one, it seems to me—and will, I am sure, so seem to all Cape Codders, native or imported, and to those contemplating a visit to the Cape—one of the most attractive and interesting.

Mr. Frost's work is well known, especially to New Englanders. He is—or, at any rate, was—a newspaper artist. His clever sketches of New England places and people have appeared in the Boston dailies, to be later grouped and reprinted in books like this one.

To those who know and love the Cape Mr. Frost's gift of selection is certain to appeal. He is not satisfied to portray merely the obvious, to put on paper the bits of scenery or sections of roads and villages which the average tourist glimpses as he whizzes along our main highways in the summer months. Some of those he shows us, of course, but for the most part he takes us into the byways, the back yards, the quiet corners, the out of the way nooks which the whizzing majority do not see and of which most are not aware.

He shows a beautiful village street—yes. And it is a main street and thousands of cars pass along it in the summer season. But it is one of the loveliest main streets on the Cape and can never be pictured too often. He shows us this, but he also shows us a dozen or more lovely old shingled story-and-a-half homes which are not on any main street. He shows the site of the first cranberry bog in Barnstable County, forerunner of so many, where Cape Cod's greatest industry had its beginning.

He shows us the Barnstable Court House, and every motorist traveling the North Shore road passes it; but, on other pages, we find ourselves looking at a half buried wreck on the outer beach, at a Provincetown wharf and fishing boats, at a shore colony viewed from across the marshes, at oyster shanties, at the odd house at North Truro with the ship's wheel on its front veranda, at East Harwich's famous "bird carver" in his workshop. The average tourist misses most of those.

His notes, which accompany the drawings, are intriguing. For example: How many of us knew that the cannon in front of the Court House were brought by ox team from Boston to furnish defense against raiding British frigates in the War of 1812? Or that Captain Baxter, who built the "Octagonal House" in Hyannis, made a record trip—record for a schooner, that is—when he commanded the *American Belle* and carried food to the starving Irish people at the time of the famine in 1847? Or that the old water power mill in West Brewster was the first woolen mill in America?

I am intimately acquainted with one born and bred Cape Codder who knew none of these things until Mr. Frost told him about them in this book. The said Cape Codder might feel more ashamed of his ignorance, and certainly more lonely, if it were not for his strong suspicion that hundreds and hundreds of other "Capers" shared it with him.

Well, they need be ignorant no longer. Mr. Frost has been enterprising enough to look these matters up for us: which is highly satisfactory and ever so much less trouble than getting the information at first hand.

Taken "by and large," as our seafaring ancestors used to say, I think this is an extremely good Cape Cod "picture book."

JOSEPH C. LINCOLN.

Chatham, Mass.,  
October, 1939.







### THE FIRST LIGHTHOUSE ON CAPE COD

Impressive Highland Light, or Cape Cod Light as it is known by men of the sea, is shown in the sketch as it looks from the golf course of Highland House. The lighthouse now standing was built in 1857. A forerunner was put up in 1797-98 because of the agitation for a light by the Reverend Levi Whitman of Wellfleet in 1794. It was built on the very spot he advocated on North Truro's Blue Clay Pounds, 140 feet above the sea, and was Cape Cod's first. The present lighthouse is 66 feet high, and has 4,000,000 candlepower, through magnification by the man-sized bull's-eye lenses of a single 1,000-watt bulb. At night the friendly but awe-inspiring beam can usually be seen about twenty miles at sea, although there are stories of its having been sighted from as far as forty-five miles.

A naval radio station was built here on Highland in 1904. Its new radio beacon has assumed much of the older radio compass's importance, for the station controls the series on the Massachusetts coast. An electric foghorn adds to the nautical aids offered by this group of buildings and can be heard fifteen miles at sea.

A mile northeast, Peaked Hill Bars was in olden times the graveyard of many ill-fated ships, the most celebrated being the British sailing vessel *Somerset*. The romantic stories of this and of other foundering at Peaked Hill Bars reveal how great was the need for a light.



### THE SHIP'S-BOTTOM ROOF HOUSE

Before investigating the matter on Cape Cod, the artist assumed that rainbow roof and bow roof and ship's-bottom roof houses had different shapes entirely. The first was mentally pictured as entirely circular, with no visible gable, sort of a half circle atop a rectangular house. The bow roof house was pictured as having a peak, but a bend in timber of some degree. The last was visualized as a ship with keel and rudder appearing from the stern; a graceful curve at either side rising from the main house, but curving again toward their meeting point to project above the norm in the same way as a boat's keel. The bow roof coincided with the artist's preconceived notion of a bow roof, but the others didn't—in fact, the three styles seem to be one and the same. The artist inspected every bow roof house he heard of, and the finest examples seemed to be the famous old Thomas Bowerman house (built 1680-1690 perhaps) at the left in a hollow at West Falmouth after passing the crest of a considerable hill near a Shell station. Thomas Bowerman II was a Quaker and was imprisoned in Barnstable Jail in 1705 because of his tenets. Arnold Gifford and his wife, Virtue, who live here today, were married in Quaker fashion, and are very cordial people, not minding in the least the Cape visitor's interest in their 22-inch bend roof.

The artist has counted approximately twelve bow roof houses on the Cape in his travels, but there must be many more. Few are as decided in their "curve" as this Bowerman house. The graceful cherry tree emphasizes the curve in the roof of the house, snugly rooted beneath the slight roll in the meadow foreground.





### ELEVATOR BRIDGE

One of the most interesting views of the Bourne Bridge across the Cape Cod Canal is through the frame provided by the Railroad Bridge as seen from the road leading from the State pier. Someone looked at the sketch and said it was reminiscent of the English Thames. It is a busy nautical thoroughfare, constantly spotted with craft of all kinds, and while the sketch was being done at least twenty boats went by, some barges, some pleasure craft. In fact the water traffic is so much greater than that by rail that this bridge, whose towers vaguely recall the famous London Bridge towers, was built to stay put for boats and to "draw down" for trains.

The bridge is just a giant elevator, and as such must be one of the largest in the world. It is certainly a striking bit of engineering, and with its trusses and struts in semi-silhouette against the September sky resembles a deeply bitten plate of the late etcher, Joseph Pennell. Visitors are amazed and stand fascinated when watching the gaunt, elongated trestle portion of the bridge descend slowly and gracefully from the mooring towers in answer to the plaintive toots of the snub-nosed chugging Cape trains. Although the use of this type of bridge rather than the conventional drawbridge is new to most visitors, there are other similar bridges. The bridge tender must be the envy of Bourne boyhood, for any child would give his life to have such a fascinating giant-sized toy to play with.



*The Inn at Coonamessett Ranch,  
Hatchville - Once Considered Largest East  
of The Mississippi*



*Placid Scene of the 'New Wheel' at  
the Old Grist Mill - Opposite  
the Village Green, Sandwich*

*SackFros*





### ONE MAN'S LOVE FOR TREES

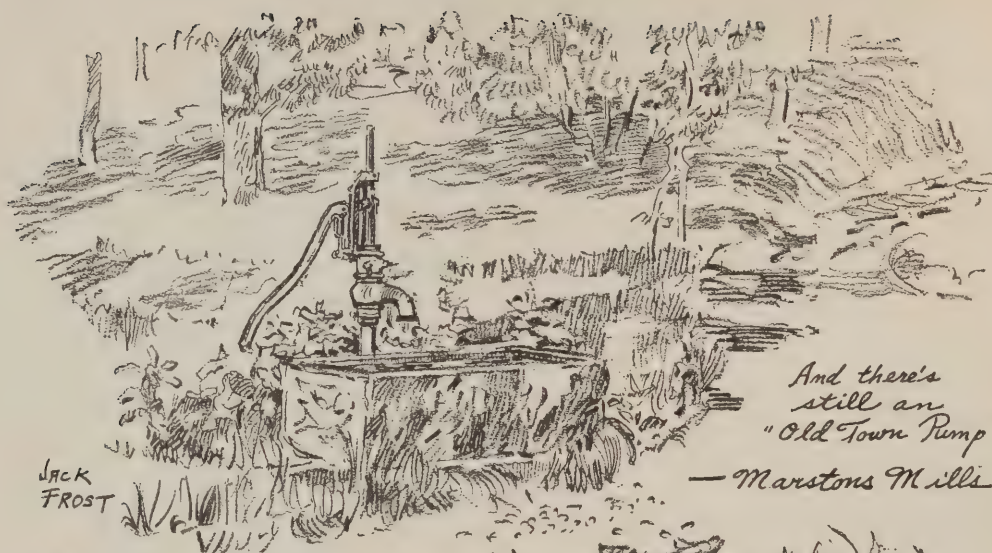
One wonders if there is a lovelier village green than that of Falmouth? One wonders at the care and thought that must have gone into the making of such a verdant, luxurious park in the center of one of the Cape's busiest towns. But in this case a plaque near the diminutive fountain house tells the story. This was the commons and militia drilling field as well as the location of the meeting house, which was moved to Main Street about 1858.

The man who planted the twenty-two trees more than a hundred years ago, one-eyed Elijah Swift, seems always to have had something to do with wood, trees, or timber, one way or another. First, he began as a carpenter; then he shipped live oak to the government for ship-building after the War of 1812. This second enterprise became a million-dollar industry and the beginning of Falmouth prosperity. After bombardment by the British *Nimrod* during that war, when one ball tore a hole through Swift's home, he built a fifty-ton schooner, christened the *Status Ante Bellum*, and sneaked through the blockade to South Carolina.

It is said that when Swift's residence near the present St. Barnabas Church had a fire which burned his barn, he rushed out to see if the huge elm in his yard had survived, saying that he could build another barn but at his age could not grow another tree as fine and beautiful as that elm. After his saplings had been laid out in the early nineteenth century, there was a drought which made him hire help (others say slaves) to carry water from Shiverick's Pond to keep them alive.

So Swift, whose foresight was superior to that of his contemporaries, takes his place with Amos Otis, who planted the Yarmouth elms, as a Cape Cod tree lover whose thought of the generations to come has provided us today with such beautiful trees as in the above picture.





*And there's  
still an  
"Old Town Pump"*

*—Marston's Mills*



*The Prize of Them All:  
Simpkins Memorial  
Pump, Yarmouthport*

**SOME CAPE  
"VILLAGE  
PUMPS"**



### THE HOUSE OF THE SEVEN CHIMNEYS

Salem has its historic "House of the Seven Gables" and Sandwich has its "House of the Seven Kitchens," which is 275 years old. Its owner, Paul Lennon, says it was a stop on the old Boston to Provincetown stagecoach line and then had eleven fireplaces with separate kitchens where individual parties could be entertained while breaking their journey.

Bass River-South Yarmouth also has its famous "House of the Seven Chimneys"—but it really has eight, the second from the left being added not long ago to provide better draught for that end of the house. This widespreading structure is really four old houses and a barn connected by passages. Mr. Charles Henry David, the owner, states that the house can be closed off so as to provide three different-sized units if need be. The house has twenty-one doors, about two hundred and nineteen windows and almost half a hundred rooms, a veritable architectural honeycomb.

There is a windmill behind the house which is one of the very oldest of the few left on the Cape today.

Mr. Davis's car license number, 27 (the same license number in nearly every state because he is president of the National Highways Association), is a familiar object on the Cape; while its owner with his official-looking hat perched above a genial face crowned with white hair is one of the best-known and loved people there.





### THE 900-YEAR-OLD VIKING WALL IN PROVINCETOWN

Historians say that in 1003 Leif, the son of Eric the Red, came to Cape Cod from Labrador and Nova Scotia. His brother Thorwald arrived a few years later, and is supposed to have been killed by Indians in Bass Hole, Yarmouth, and buried on Hockanom Hill. Provincetowners seem to think that Thorwald brought his boat ashore to mend it, and that during that interval, the wall which is thought to be of Norse origin was built. The stone of which this wall is built is strange to the Cape. It is possible that it did come from Thorwald's land, probably serving as ballast on the trip over. Because sand is easier to handle, sand was possibly used instead of the stone on the way back. This historic wall, part of which is in the town's museum, was found beneath Mrs. A. W. McKennon's house, 7 Cottage Street, Provincetown, shown in the above sketch.

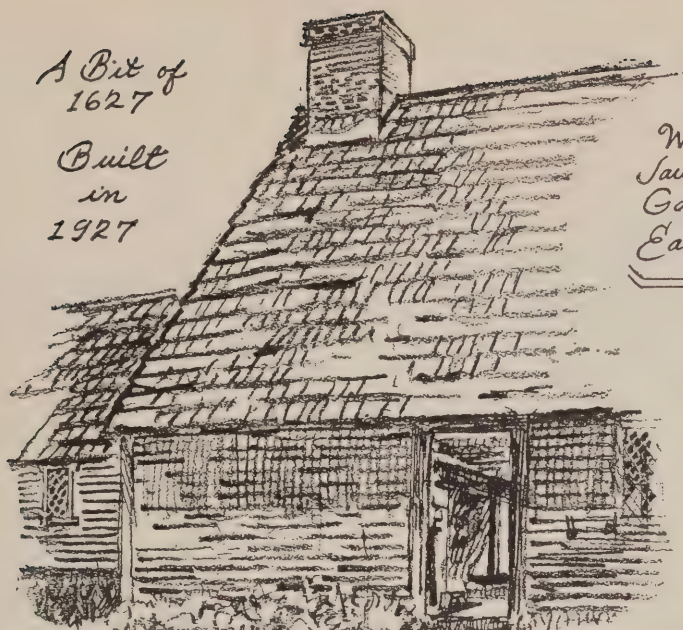
The relic was discovered in 1853 when the house was being erected for Mr. Francis A. Paine. At the depth of a few feet a wall of masonry about three feet high and two feet at the base came to view. Laid in shell-lime mortar, and on a hard, earthen floor of peat, clay and fine white sand pounded together, these stones are said to be like those used in the famous but mysterious stone tower in Newport, Rhode Island, sketched on Jack Frost's New England Chop Plate.

It seems strange that such a usual-looking little house should cover such an intriguing fragment of early American history. Some day the wall will probably be a monument; certainly it is a most fascinating bit that stirs the imagination.



A Bit of  
1627

Built  
in  
1927



Whale  
Jaw Bone  
Gateway  
Eastham



"Aptuckset", Old Dutch  
Trading Post, Bourne  
Looking Over the  
"Green Briar" Swan Pond Towards  
the Brier Patch  
Birthplace  
of



Jerry Muskrat, Sammy Jay  
and other Bedtime Brainchildren  
of Thornton W. Burgess,  
East Sandwich



"Bow Barrelled"  
Chimney atop "Curve  
Hill Farm", Barnstable  
JACK FROST



### A RIVER WHICH FLOWS TWO WAYS

This view of Bass River shows it as seen looking from the bridge (via campstool perched precariously on the mud guard of a car) towards the vicinity of the Boat Shop and the "House of the Seven Chimneys." Innocent as the boat-bespattered river may look in the sketch and from the bridge where the South Yarmouth summer visitor fishes, it really flows two ways. It slides to the northeast on the flow tide, and southwest on the ebb. To attempt passage by row-boat countertide takes a nautical genius, while even the famous Eldridge brothers would have a struggle to progress cross-tide at the ebb.

This river is perhaps the best known of the Cape's creeks. In the old days creeks like this and the Manomet River were used to get from one side of the Cape to the other and so avoid the trip around Race Point. Bass River terminates at the ponds near Weir village, almost connecting with White's Brook, Yarmouth, and possibly here, as was the case with Scusset Creek and Manomet River, the slight carry-over between the respective streams may have been used instead of the longer round-Cape journey by sea by the Pilgrims back in the early seventeenth century. Jeremiah's Gutter was once a natural Cape Cod canal, about 1717, long after Miles Standish conceived the idea of a Cape Cod canal. But like his "Why don't you speak for yourself, John" episode, the dour Miles left it for someone else to do; though it would have been a super-human task in those days.





### THE OLDEST HOUSE ON CAPE COD

The Hoxie House, overlooking the mill pond in Sandwich, is generally considered to be the oldest house on the Cape. There are people who disagree, however, saying that in 1637 houses were not built with the architectural finesse employed in the work on this slope-roof house, now occupied by Gertrude (Mrs. Arthur) Thomas, a joint-owner. However, they are reticent about putting their arguments in print; and, as it is certainly a very ancient house, the people who visit and who live on Cape Cod will think of this house as the Cape's oldest until someone proves otherwise. The brick found in the chimney with "1637" on it is the chief indication of its age, while old family records and letters (Captain Abraham Hoxie's name still decorates the name plate on the front door) denote that it might easily have been standing at that early date.

They say that the great salt-box roof was once thatched, and what a picture it must have provided then! It is hard to beat or even match today, what with the weather-warmed color of the boards and the shapely lines of the whole. Shawme Lake is another name for the pond over which this reminder of a bygone day looks toward the setting sun. A long time ago the lake was the scene of great industrial activity, for on its banks throve a cotton factory, marble works, and a grist mill. Now there is only an ancient burying ground across from Hoxie House, symbol of a vanished age.

SOME UNUSUAL OR ODD  
CHURCH STEEPLES FOUND ON  
CAPE COD



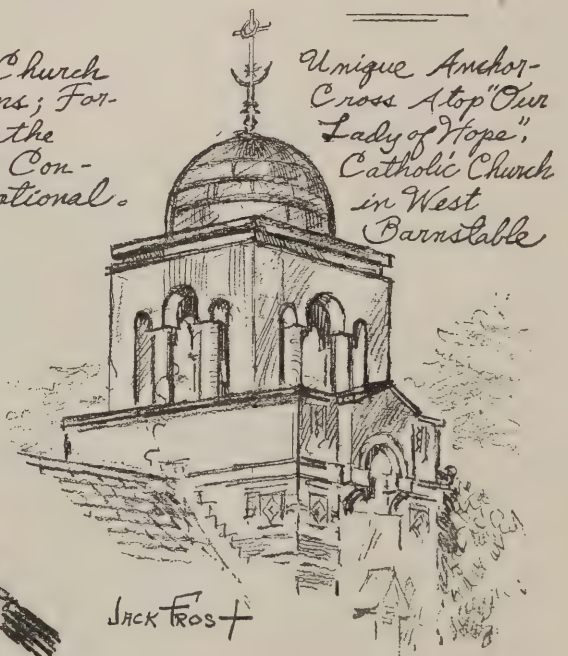
*Marston Mills  
Methodist Church*



*Universalist Church  
at Eastham*



*Federated Church  
of Orleans; For-  
merly the  
First Con-  
gregational.*



*Unique Anchor-  
Cross atop "Our  
Lady of Hope",  
Catholic Church  
in West  
Barnstable*

JACK FROS+





### THERE IS STILL ROMANCE IN FISHING

To most people, doing things in the hard, old-fashioned way spells romance. The rather drab-looking boat shown here should thrill these people. It is one of the many fishing craft which dot the harbors along the Cape, and is one of Woods Hole's famous picturesque fleet, shown moored to the busy railroad wharf. For contrast, the rear of one of the boats which ply to Nantucket is shown at the right, upper portion of the sketch. During the sketching, a boat named either the *Wanderer* or the *Driftwood* moved in front of the scene when it was half done; when requested, the skipper moved away, but to the other side of the little ship pictured, throwing it completely out of plane. So a return trip to the Hole was made to finish the sketch.

The reason seekers after color should be intrigued by this shabby ship is that it is a swordfisher, as attested by the "pulpit" on the bowsprit. Whalers have gone modern so that, by means of bomb lances and other devices, they may bring back in one trip as much whale oil as was obtained during years in the old days; but the swordfishermen still go their dangerous ways, flinging their lily irons (detachable harpoons) or whale lances into one of the most stupid, but almost most dangerous of fish. The lookout in the basket or crosstree at the masthead discovers the prey, while the actual taking of the fish is done from dories or rowboats after the modern Galahads and Percivals in the pulpit have made fast to a fighter. The giant fish have been known to tow unfortunate fishermen as far away as Nova Scotia.



### ST. ANDREW'S-BY-THE-SEA

The Reverend Mr. Zebarney T. Phillips, U. S. Senate Chaplain, often officiates at ceremonies in the most attractive little church pictured above. It is called "St. Andrew's-by-the-Sea" and surmounts Sunset Hill and the famous golf course at Hyannisport. It also affords a sweeping view of Nantucket Sound, part of Centerville and Craigville Beaches, and of fashionable Squaw Island.

As a memorial for her late husband, Mrs. Augustus Stone Whittemore provided the site for this fieldstone and cement-plaster church in 1905, on the understanding that the building was to be used for religious purposes alone. The lines are not Cape Coddish in the least, but it is one of the Cape's most attractive churches. Despite its romantic setting, very few marriages are performed there.





### A BIT OF RARE CAPE ARCHITECTURE

On the bridge road, Eastham, on the right approaching the bridge itself, is the mysterious-appearing, imposing house shown in the sketch. It was built for Jonathan Sherman, a captain whose boats plied between this port and Maine, and dates from about 1830. The cupola atop the house has stairs leading to it, three windows and a door, and in former days afforded a view of Wellfleet Harbor, with sometimes as many as forty or fifty mackerel vessels riding it. The date of the house is set at about 1830 from the fact that the good captain was born in 1798 and died in 1873.

His coal yard and lumber yard were near the Sherman house in those days, and a large salt works was run for the Sherman family. The architecture of the flat-roofed house is almost unique on the Cape, and strangely, one of the few resembling it is its neighbor, on the same side of Bridge Road.



#### NOT MORE THAN \$9.99

The most attractive bit of diminutive architecture on Cape Cod which does not serve as a home is the now-gift shop and once-lawyer's office shown in the sketch. Looking very small and unselfconscious beneath the comparatively towering trees, the colonial structure served as the office of Sandwich's lawyer, Seth Nye, who died in the 1850's. The story goes that either all or a portion of fees above ten dollars went to the Commonwealth, so that Mr. Nye, one of the town fathers, either because he wanted it all or wished to be eccentric, charged no more than \$9.99 over a period of time for any and all of the legal services he rendered.

The imposing white house behind this sedate little office which was Seth Nye's, now belongs to the Harvey family. At one time there was a whipping post in front of the Nye office. That, coupled with the fact that the town hall is opposite it, the Historical Society building at the other side of the square, and the church with its lovely spire overlooking the green just across the bridge from it, makes this landmark the center of things in Sandwich town.





### ONCE A YEAR FOR TAXES

One of the most graceful spires in the whole of the New England countryside is that of the 91-year-old Congregational Church of Sandwich, pictured above. Three of the pillars have "gone," and the town is trying—so far fruitlessly—to get the money to replace them, so that the tower will neither topple over from lack of support nor have to be razed to prevent that. This, like the tower of the Provincetown church, is termed a "Christopher Wren" steeple. The great English architect, however, could not have designed either of these spires, as he died in 1723, long before they were erected. The Sandwich church was probably called a Wren because it employed a tower built to sway, as were many of this architect's steeples.

This lovely church serves no religious purpose now, there being no active congregation, but it probably inspires many a passer-by with lofty thoughts when he encounters its white spire soaring almost poetically skyward. Once a year only the church is opened, and local historians believe that is done to preserve it tax-free, or for some such reason, and not for worship.



### THE NANTUCKET AT WOODS HOLE

Of the hundreds of old Indian legends which are told to the Cape visitor, one of the most amusing is that which accounts for the existence of those attractive islands, Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard. It seems that a giant in the brave old days used the Cape as a mattress, curling his middle about the crook in the Cape's elbow. One morning after an unusually restless night he awoke to find his shoes filled with sand. In disgust he took off his shoes and hurled the contents as far from him as he could. The sand in the respective shoes came to be the Vineyard and Nantucket, and people with sand in their shoes have been coming to visit them ever since.

In fact, just one of the four boats which the New England Steamship Line has in service between the islands and New Bedford and Woods Hole has transported 1,239,342 passengers in the last ten years. The *Nantucket* is probably the one shown in the sketch, but it left so soon after the sketch was begun that the artist didn't have time to check; unfortunately the name wasn't legible from the distant Fisheries Building, where the sketch was made. The *Naushon* is the largest of the boats, the others being the *New Bedford* and the *Martha's Vineyard*. The *Naushon* is also the only one with twin screw propellers and saw service in '29 between this country and London.





### OYSTERS AROUND THE WORLD

The quaint, leaning sheds and huts shown in the sketch are the shops of S. W. Gould and Son at West Chatham on Barn Hill Road. From here are shipped oysters to London and Scotland, to Hollywood and Broadway stars, and to dwellers on the Cape itself. Clams and quahogs are also distributed from here, and, on a summer day, celebrities from all parts of the country, summering on the Cape, visit the nondescript sheds. It is thought that the waters of the bay at this spot give a special tang to oysters planted here—oysters which are delectable in every month of the year.

Benjamin D. Gould, his brother-in-law, Ernest S. Eldredge, and Roscoe Gould run the place, and have such an extensive business that they pass on to others some of the orders which come to their establishment. They furnish the Harvard Club and Parker House of Boston with their sea delicacies. They settle the summer visitor's question as to the difference between clams and quahogs, soft-shelled and hard-shelled, littlenecks, etc., in this way: a hard-shell is a quahog; a soft-shell is a clam; a littleneck is a size of the quahog; and a quahog is more or less round compared with a clam.

This diminutive industry has been operating about 75 years. The main building is itself about 40 years old.



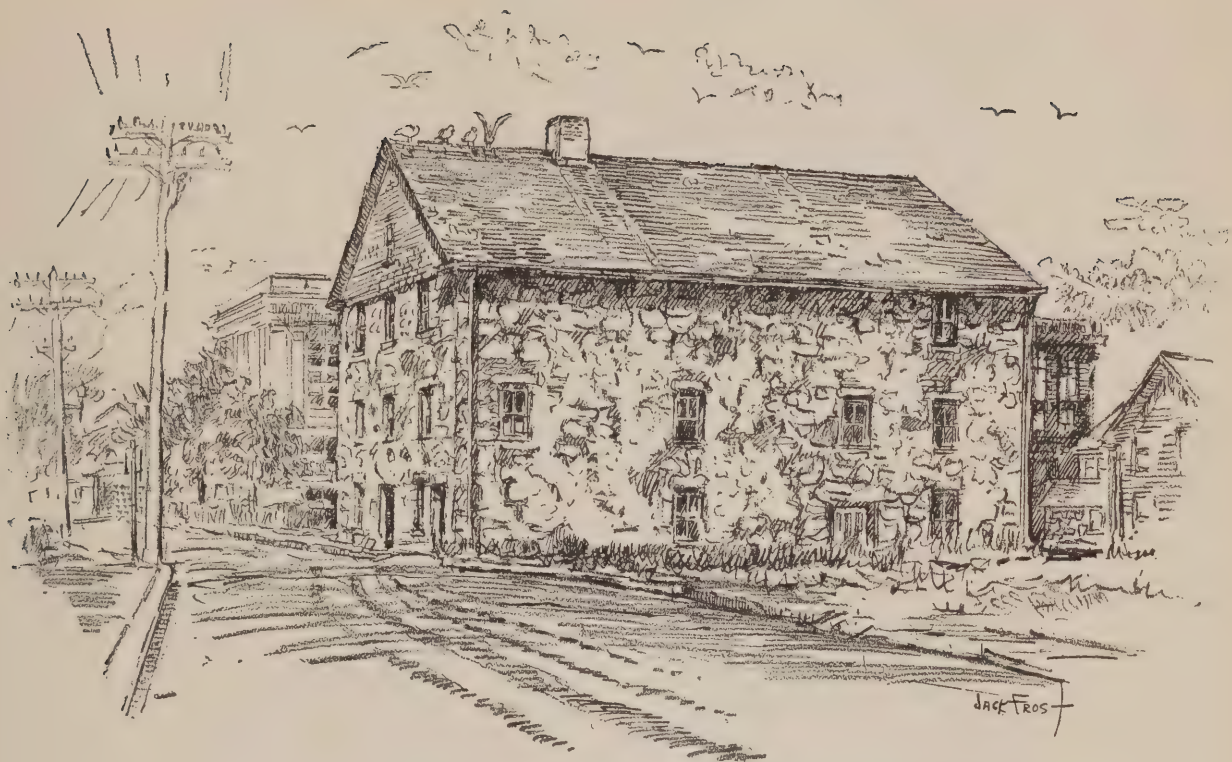
### NO SANDWICH SAND IN SANDWICH GLASS

The elongated tower upon an equally elongated substructure in the above sketch, surrounded by lacy foliage, is what is left of the Sandwich glass works. The oldest portion is the red brick building at the right in the sketch. The scene is reached by passing over the railroad tracks after coming through the town of Sandwich past the traffic lights on the route to Boston.

History has it that the works closed either because of a strike of the workers or because of the keen Pittsburgh competition. Most people believe it to be a combination of the two. There is a dramatic tale of the owners' telling the workers that if they walked out the doors would never again be opened for work; and they walked out—and the doors were never reopened. Sandwich glass, fine samples of which are preserved in the Sandwich Historical Society, was noted for its strikingly beautiful color. Here was made the first pressed glass and the first lace glass in the United States. It is now a sentimentally and affectionately regarded item, Sandwich glass.

Because of the common knowledge that "sand" or silica (which is quartz rock) is used in the manufacture of glass, people as a rule associate that word with the same word which is a composite part of the town's name. But not only was Sandwich town named after the seaport in Kent, England, but the old works were established here because of the proximity and abundance of oak and white pine, valuable in the industry. Most of the sand which was used was imported. Too much iron in the Cape Cod sand caused odd colored glass to result—now much sought after by collectors. The odd, bubbly and unusual pieces made by the blowers when practising or experimenting are also treasured relics today. The sand the factory used had to have square corners, whereas the Cape sand was blown about so, it was mostly "broken down."



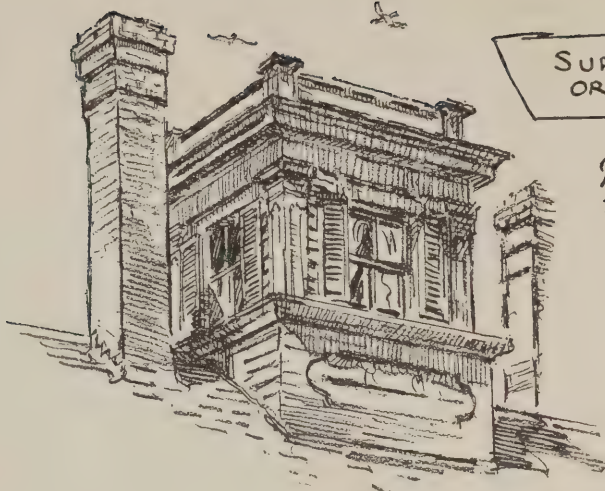


### MARINE STOREHOUSE AT WOODS HOLE

The stone, barnlike building above was once owned by Elijah Swift, and, though known to some as the Candle House, it represents to most historically inclined people a memento of colorful old whaling days. Like the old stone barn in West Falmouth (where the sun appears to set over the east coast) this one in Woods Hole is constructed of rather huge stones, a rarity on the Cape.

Within the darkness of the building, which now serves, among other things, as a storeroom for the Marine Biological Laboratories and is superintended by an amazingly well-spoken and accommodating chap, can still be seen the kettles, vats, and other utensils used in the old process for refining whale oil. Once the visitor has braved the pungent smell and entered this historic spot, it will be easy for his imagination to start picturing the old whaling days. Images arise of rough, bearded, gnarled men—the whaling crews of New Bedford, Nantucket, Woods Hole, Truro, Provincetown, and Wellfleet. The thrilling cry of “Thar she blows!” echoes once more as the dreamer sees men casting off in small boats to where a fountain of water spurts up. It was from near here that Peleg, Bildad, and the others of Herman Melville’s crew set out on their classic search for Moby Dick. Ichabod Paddock of Yarmouth, about whom a Jonah-in-the-whale legend is told, once came to Nantucket to teach his craft of whaling, and his pupils proceeded to show New Bedford how. Now, one of the last worthy relics of those colorful days is the *Charles W. Morgan*, the ship riding a cement base on the estate of the late Colonel E. H. E. Green at South Dartmouth. After such visions of a heroic past, what a change to come out in the streets again and see the Woods Hole of today, filled with white-clad tourists and serious-minded scientists.

SUPERSTRUCTURES  
OR CUPOLAS



Wm. C. Smith house  
Main street, Chatham

the Orleans Inn  
"Capt Aaron Snow  
Place"



"Hiawatha"  
38 Cross street, Chatham



The Hailitus,  
Eastham -



LACK FROST





### THE OLDEST WINDMILL ON CAPE COD

There is a prominent sign in front of the Eastham windmill near Samoset Road which states that it is the oldest on the Cape, and since other towns which have windmills have let the marker stand for all visitors to see, it is probably true. At least, Mr. John Higgins of North Eastham, its "jolly miller," has checked the facts to a minute detail. There used to be a sign "1793," which alone would make this a venerable mill, but that merely indicated the date when it was brought from Provincetown over the road. The miller says that it was originally taken from Plymouth across the bay to Provincetown, where it remained from 1710 to 1715, in the region which is now called Truro. Thus the old mill may have been built before 1700, which would bring it within the reign of the famous millwright Tom Paine, who built two similar machines in Eastham in the early 1680's.

When the wind is right the spindle from the fan-shaft whirls at a great rate, turning the huge 3000-pound stone at the ratio of five to one with the sail-set vanes. There are 64 wooden and 16 iron cogs in the simple machinery.

Nearly three thousand visitors sign the miller's guest book each summer—and a multitude of repeated signatures proves how many Cape visitors return.



### A TALE OF TERROR

Lighthouse keeper George Woodman's Chatham Light, the last of several frightened from their shifting perches by the sea, is romantic and historical. The most interesting, though most gruesome, story (told by historian Amos Otis) is about the *George and Ann* out of Dublin.

It seems Fate always deals harshly with the Irish. Never was it more the case than when the *George and Ann* set sail in May, 1729, for Philadelphia with its load of passengers and all of their worldly possessions, ready for a new world to conquer. Because there was much gold among those possessions, the devilish captain decided to stretch out the voyage until the passengers had starved to death. After the captain had calmed the suspicious survivors of a death-stricken boatload of voyagers, he struck a storm off the Capes of Virginia which drove the ship all the way to our Cape, thereby starving almost every passenger still alive. The captain was sent to England and hanged for his ghastly crime.

The Light which overlooks the Sandy Point setting for the end of this tragedy was built in 1878. It is 98 feet above sea level, has 25,000 candle power and can be seen about 16 miles at sea.





### THE OLDEST HOUSE IN DENNIS

Stephen Hall, one of Dennis' best loved citizens, lives in a delightful old house; it seems to stand on tiptoe as if cognizant of its graceful lines and wishing to radiate the warm glow of the weather-grayed shingles as far as it can to greet the world passing by on wheels.

The house is accepted as the oldest house in Dennis. It was built between 1690 and 1710, which is as close as people can generally come to determining the age of houses hereabouts. Prince Howes built it. The exquisite lines of the roof, which end in the quaint toboggan effect seen where the main house joins the ell shed, are difficult to match throughout the Cape.



### THE ARBOREAL TRACERY OF YARMOUTH

The beautiful vista shown above had its beginning just a hundred years ago. The foresight of one Amos Otis, genealogist, historian, and prominent citizen of Yarmouth, gave to the present generation the extreme pleasure of enjoying in all their glory these elms planted a century ago.

This particular scene is taken from the left side of the road just a little east of the Yarmouth bank in Yarmouthport. The home of Otis himself is only a few rods beyond. Hallett's drug store is shown peeking through the foliage, while the bend in the distance is just a little this side of the post office. The Anchorage and the Thacher Tea Room are also along this part of the arches formed by the stately elms.

It might not be stretching the point to suggest that the saplings of Mr. Otis in their present mature majesty make the main street of Yarmouth and Yarmouthport perhaps the most beautiful street in the country. Certainly few are more attractive.

To forget the trees for the moment and to return to Mr. Otis, it is said that when he began to trace the family tree of the Crockers of Barnstable he gave it up as a terrific ordeal. Today, however, Alfred Crocker of Barnstable seems to have the job pretty well in hand, for his wife says that he is now tracing her own family and forebears.





*Clyde Place Fence  
Chatham*



*"Bonnie Doone"  
East Brewster*



*Hinkle-Gaff Fence,  
Route 28, Osterville*



*Thorndike's Fence on road to  
North Brewster by the "old boat shop"*  
JACK FROST



### ROCK HARBOR BATTLE

The almost idyllic picture of tiny fishing craft entering and leaving the head of Rock Harbor via the cosy little creek in the sketch belies the fact that the harbor was once the scene of bellicose activity in the War of 1812. In 1814, the British frigate *Newcastle* endeavored to frighten the inhabitants of this stubborn community into paying the two thousand dollars tribute for immunity from attack. Under the command of Admiral Lord Howe, a British fleet "covered" the coast. The *Newcastle*, when trying to reach shore to blast the salt works and populace, ran ashore off the harbor. She sent in a boat to capture a schooner and some sloops. The Britishers from the boat forced a local seaman to pilot the prize schooner, but to their dismay this gentleman proceeded to run it aground near Yarmouth, where she was recaptured by the Cape Codders and the English crew taken over.

The Orleans militia had beaten back other landing parties and killed several men. In contrast, even Brewster with its courageous "nine and ninety captains" paid a levy for protection, though the town meeting was moderated by no less prominent a figure than colorful Elijah Cobb, who had successfully collected a bill for confiscated cargo from those under Robespierre. The landed gentry as a rule considered it the better part of valor to let the taxpayers in general contribute to the protection of their salt works and other property.





### NEW OVER OLD

Everyone who visits the Cape hears about Crosby's Folly, which is just off the main road in Brewster. A house colored a vivid yellow marks the turning-in place at present. Here is one of the most unusual buildings in New England. It is a gaudily decorated structure, a huge private home built by Albert Crosby (1823-1906) around and over his little old Cape-Cod-type residence. His sentimental attachment to his birthplace evidently caused him to carry out all his architectural whims at home. The interior is flamboyant, heavy, and without restraint, although occasionally one finds bits, like a section of a staircase and a dentilled mantel, which are quite choice. A huge, somber room, which was formerly the art gallery, once contained a hundred thousand dollars' worth of art treasures. The towering, parapetlike structure seen in this sketch has now been torn down, and the entire building, which long had remained idle, has been taken over by a school of music.

Crosby embarked on a business venture in the wholesale tea and liquor business in Chicago about 1848 with ten thousand dollars' worth of New England goods, all purchased on credit. His outstanding success enabled him to indulge his dreams of Versailles, Buckingham Palace, and the Grand Hotel in this extravagant architectural showplace, which is now in the hands of Mrs. Martha Atwood Baker.



### RUGGED WATERS

One of Joseph C. Lincoln's best-loved books is *Rugged Waters*, a tale about the romantic and dangerous careers of the men who live in Coast Guard stations like the one above, the famous Nauset Station at Eastham.

Dean Arthur Wilson Tarbell thinks this tale was inspired by the following disaster which took place not far from Boston's "Outermost House": The *J. H. Ellis* was intentionally grounded by her captain in a typically severe March snowstorm in 1887, after springing a leak on the way from Perth Amboy to Boston. This attempt to save the ship by grounding her was disastrous, as most of the crew froze in the rigging and dropped into the sea. There were but two alive when next day a passing ship lowered a boat to investigate. The one other man left aboard was dead—sealed to the rigging in ice—and had to be hatcheted out of his nature-made tomb.

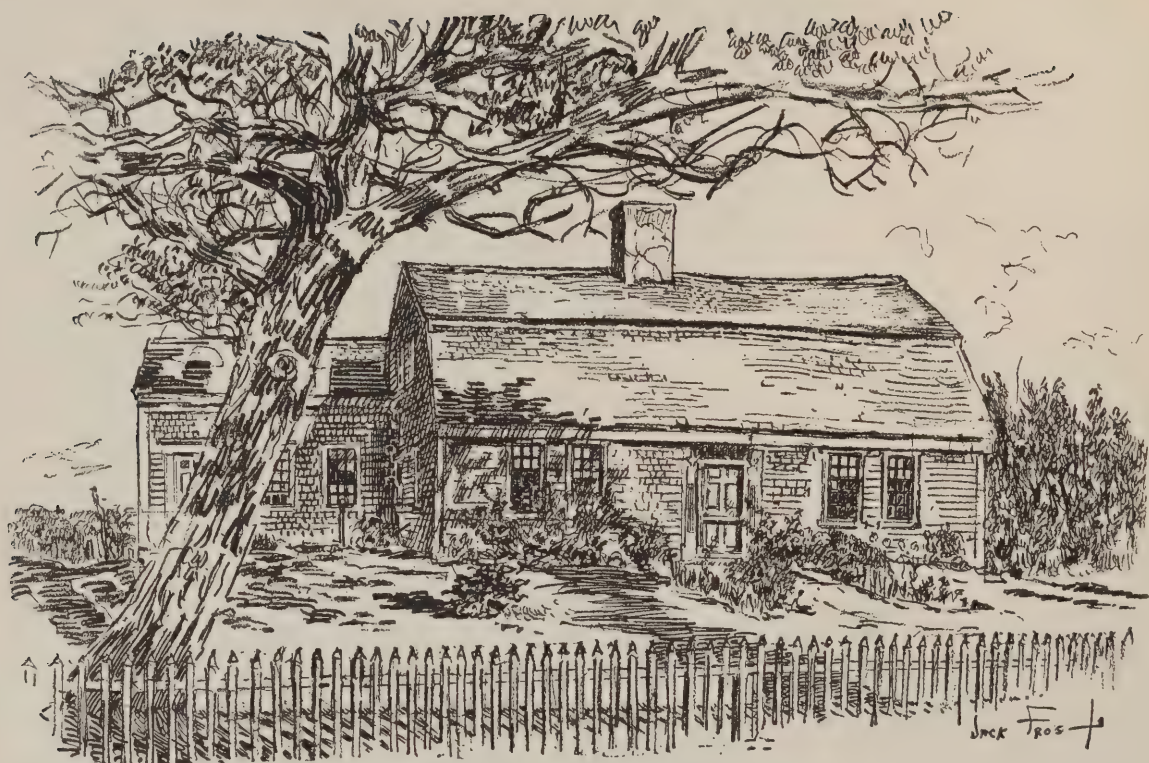




### THE MAN WHO MAKES BIRDS

The figure shown at work in the sketch is Mr. Anthony Elmer Crowell, who has been drawing and painting since he was twelve years old. He is now about seventy-seven, but his painting hand is still as steady as ever. He took twenty-four painting lessons once, and this fitted him for the occupation at which he has spent almost half a century—carving and painting wooden birds. Now his son, Cleon S., also very clever with his hands, carves most of the birds from his dad's patterns and sketches and helps in this creative, intriguing business of making birds so realistic that they fool their own species. In fact, making decoy ducks was the original enterprise, although, thanks to a suggestion of one of their patrons, the two Crowells now make parlor and den pieces, birds of all kinds from sand snipes to herons and woodchucks. Now the prices go from three dollars for such small decorative birds to thirty-five, fifty, and a hundred dollars each for duck decoys. One day they will be priceless.

Mr. Crowell's shop in East Harwich near Pleasant Bay Avenue, off Route 137, is laden with atmosphere and shavings, like a Dickensian scene by Cruikshank.



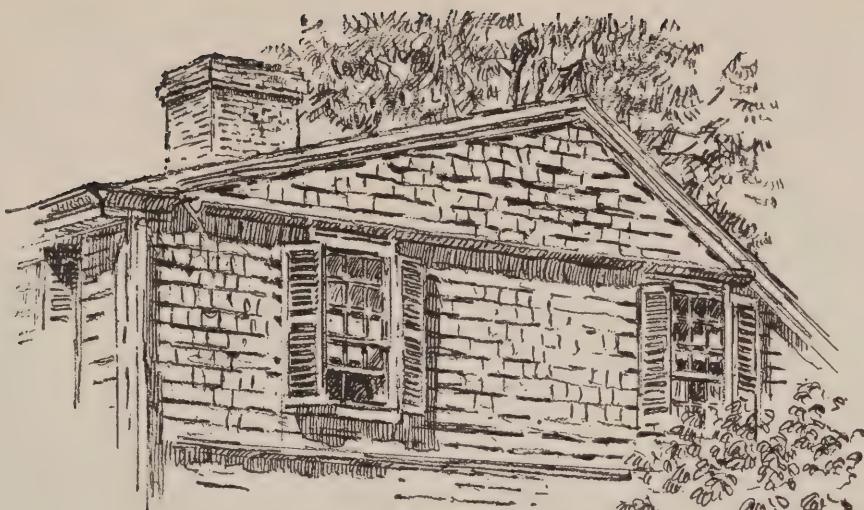
### “THAT WAS ONLY COURTIN’ TALK, MARGIE”

The oldest house in Chatham, the local Historical Society, has more to tell than meets the eye, although the matrimonial vine at the front might be a clue. Joseph Atwood of Eastham who built the house in 1752 said that he could open his spear-head pilastered front door and call all of his children, as his sons all built nearby. He was a “navigator of unfrequented parts” and captained the ships *Isle Sables Galley*, the *Falmouth*, and the 80-ton square sterner *Snow Judith*.

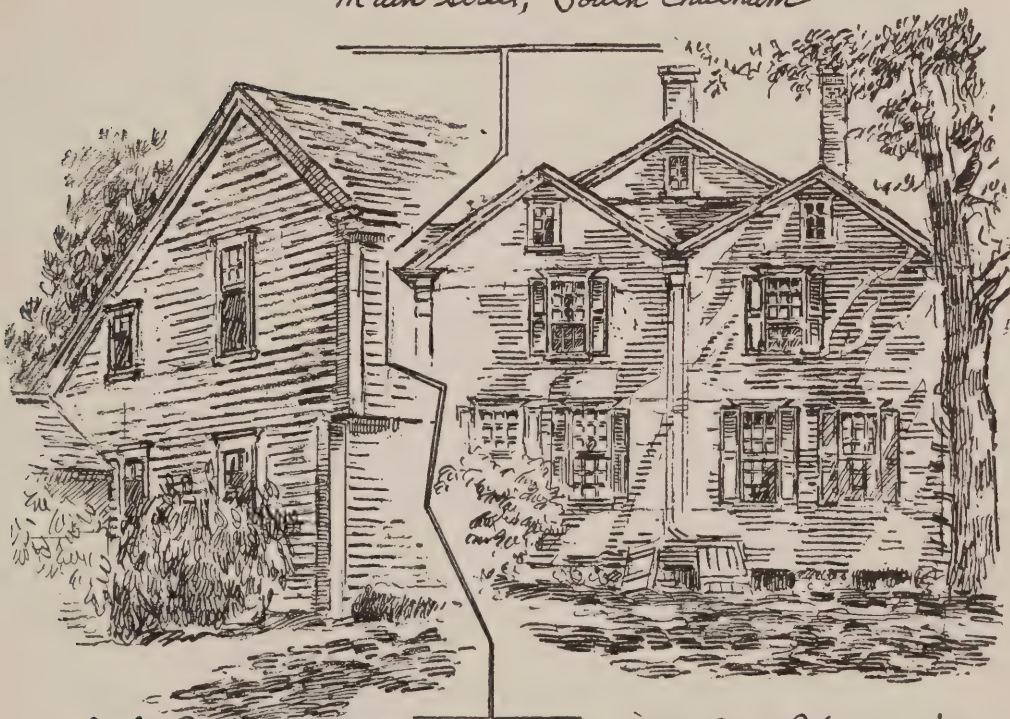
In 1832 John Atwood married his second wife, Marjorie Smith, with the promise of building her a new house. Although this house should have appeared a mansion in those days, yet the poor woman, as is a woman’s custom, probably finally asked the happy John “What about your promise to build a new house?” His philosophical reply was “That was only courtin’ talk.” But he did compromise and build his lady an ell, for there it stands today; and his wife probably considered it a poor compromise, for he was a carpenter by trade.

In 1925 the house and the lot as far back as the mill pond were owned by another lineal descendant, a John Atwood of Beaver, Pennsylvania, who shared possession with Albert W. Atwood of Princeton, New Jersey, and Edward H. Atwood of Olean, New York. Mrs. Susan Eldridge and Mrs. George Nickerson, who answered the writer’s questions the day the sketch was made, said that until the house was sold for a slight sum to the Historical Society, it had always remained in the family.





*Capt Kimball Eldredge House -  
Main street, South Chatham*



*John Gates Williams  
House up Osterville  
Way*

*Old Red House in  
South Yarmouth - Bass River*

*Wack Fros  
1939*

*Interesting Cape  
"Side-House"  
Arrangements*

*(At Left on Way  
to Boat Shop)*



### CAPE COD HAD ITS '49 GOLD RUSH, TOO

Glance between the Coleman and Robbins oyster houses in Cotuit and you are looking at the locale of a "Cape Cod Gold Mining Venture," which by an odd coincidence took place in 1849. At that time, William Phelps, a prisoner in States (Charlestown) Prison "confessed" to having committed a \$50,000 bank robbery at Wheeling (it was Virginia, not West Virginia, then). Phelps told the warden that he could take him where he had buried the treasure in Cotuit. Warden Robinson, with the prisoner and Sheriff Marshal Nichols of Charlestown, went to Cape Cod and started to dig at the place indicated.

After they had reached considerable depth, Phelps, who was resting for the moment, cried, "We're nearly there," whereupon the excited warden peered into the pit to watch Nichols' work. Immediately the convict pushed the gullible warden in upon the sheriff and took to his heels in a successful dash for freedom.

After Don Trayser's lead (he edited the tercentenary history of Barnstable in 1939) concerning this story, the artist wished to find the man who Trayser said had told the yarn—President-Emeritus A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard University, and because "the Lowells speak only to God," the artist hesitated. However, a kind fate caused the good man to be walking hands behind back and sneakers on his feet along a Cotuit street. When questioned, he described as the scene of this adventure (he wouldn't "guarantee" its authenticity) the point of land peeping from between the oyster shacks pictured.

The man lighting the fires is a familiar character about Cotuit, and has regular parties for visitors at which he cooks clams and oysters the way Cotuit clams and oysters should be cooked.



Old Mill at Chatham - Stage Harbor Road ; and  
"Good Walter's" house on Beach off Andrew Harding's  
Lane, also in Chatham (said to be made from Driftwood)



1 F I  
JACK FROST



### THE FIRST WOOLEN MILL IN AMERICA

When one comes through West Brewster, on old County Road, to the sweep below the sign post reading "High Brewster," he sees the picturesque setting sketched above. It is an ancient mill, but on the site of much older landmarks in this little valley. The place was once the scene of active production in homespun, knitting, and tanning; and, with the accompanying throngs of workers, must have been a far cry from the peaceful, quiet atmosphere evoked by the silent mill wheel of today.

Stony Brook, which courses gracefully over the dam, goes under the road and continues on the opposite side, where the famous herring run occurs. It is fascinating to watch the herring fall easy prey to the eager visitors and fishermen who sluice them into compact batches, to be captured by hand, net, or spear. Some fishermen just take the spawn from the journeying herring and toss the rest of the fish back into the stream, to the satisfaction of the omnipresent gull and other birds.

A grist mill was built at this spot about 1660 (Donald Doane, young historian of Brewster, has data showing that the old mill really served as a grist mill in its day), utilizing this natural water power, a rarity on Cape Cod. About 1680 the old woolen mill came into being, the result of plans to make homespun by John Dillingham, Jr., Kenelm Winslow, and others.





### QUAKER MEETING HOUSE WITH ONLY THREE MEMBERS

The silvery landmark in the accompanying sketch is the old Friends Meeting House on Main Street near Pine in South Yarmouth. Old records show that it was built in 1809 by David Killey, great-great-grandfather of Ralph B. Kelley, one of the three present members of the Meeting in Yarmouth (the others are Mrs. Ruth Grout and Mrs. Hannah Sears).

Some years, over 150 people, largely descendants of the old Friends, or curiosity seekers, visit the church building for the yearly meeting, at which the women often have to sit on the men's side. The shutters separating the sexes are still operated by a rope hanging by the clock in the entry, connected above to a big log on pins, which raises and lowers them. The clock, running with but three wheels, was made by Ezra Kelley of New Bedford in 1832, and its face is set in old salt works boards.

The original Yankee Kelley from whom so many of those bearing that name in this district are descended, was one David O'Killia, "an Irishman" of the Mayflower company. Some of the speakers associated with the Quaker House were Russell Davis, Ruth H. Baker, and Elizabeth Stetson.

The fence surrounding the burying ground was put up in 1882, and encloses a most interesting, if plain, number of headstones. All of the same shape, symbolizing death as the great leveler—distinguishing not between the rich and the poor—they make fascinating perusal. There is a whole row of burials with only flat, granite markers, barely discernible amidst the green grass. Herein is buried a youth, who, it is told in South Yarmouth, was found to possess, at his early death, two hearts, one on each side of his body.



OLD WEATHER VANE

Currier and Ives were the inspiration for the unusual weather vane shown in the sketch. Ruth Snow, whose white barn is surmounted by the spirited horse and sulky, related the story of the vane, which is supposed to be the racehorse that Ethan Allen copied in metal many years ago. Back in the eighties, Captain Thomas Hinkley owned the place. The vane was still there when the barn belonged to David Bursley, and, as far as Miss Snow knows, it will be there when the house leaves her hands.

There are many interesting weather vanes about the Cape. On a barn along the road to Coonamessett farm, there is what seems to be a huge brazen bull; in Orleans, near the Reverend Paul Wilkinson's home, there is a flying duck to tell the direction of the wind; and a house in West Yarmouth used to have an unusual vane which showed the wind's vicissitudes inside the house, by means of an elaborate, compass-like ceiling contraption.

The one above, considered by the artist the most interesting to portray, was sketched from the back yard of the Wilfred St. Coeurs'; the inquisitive traveler may find it by turning right at the Barnstable town traffic light down the lane leading to the famous Barnstable fisheries, known as Mill Way.





*Captain Nathaniel Snow House  
Main street at Queen Anne, Chatham*



*The "Ramblers" -  
East Brewster*

*Side Window  
Arrangements*

*JACK FROST*



### THE CAPE'S NO. 1 INDUSTRY

To Harwich goes credit for first commercially exploiting the cranberry, that appetising and delicious dish which until recently only graced Christmas and Thanksgiving Day dinners. Here as early as 1845 various citizens attempted large-scale cultivation of the cranberry.

The main street of Harwich, with its appealing small-town appearance, and the tracery of leafy tunnels made by the overhanging trees, is shown looking toward Brooks Park from the shady square in front of the First Congregational Church.

John Paine the lawyer-historian, Charles Cahoon the artist, and Mr. Franklin D. Underwood are good sources for local history. And local history there is a-plenty. Whittier's famous poem, "The Branded Hand," was supposedly written about a Harwich skipper, Jonathan Walker, who had been branded with a double-S on his hand, meaning slave-stealer. He was an altruistic SS, however; for he stole the slaves to free them; seven of them. It was \$1000 offered for his reward which prompted Captain Phillips of the *Eliza Catherine* to turn the good skipper in. J. Edgar Hoover has not been the only one to realize that money is a supreme temptation.





#### HERE LIVED "THE HANDSOMEST MAN ON THE CAPE"

In the 1850's, Captain Rodney Baxter's record-making *Flying Scud*, mentioned in connection with the Octagon House, was taken over by Captain David Swinnerton. As a child he lived for a time in the house which now bears the family name. It was better known, however, as the abode of Timothy Swinnerton, whose picture can be seen in the home of his granddaughters, Caroline and Sarah Crocker, at Summer Street, Sandwich. It is this picture which gives rise to the caption under the sketch.

Because superlatives seem to cluster naturally about so many things on the Cape it is only natural that it should also have the "handsomest" man. As far as this writer could gather from women (who are the only ones competent to speak of things like this), Timothy Swinnerton is more strikingly handsome in this picture than any other Cape figure from the old days.

The house is situated close to the transformer in Barnstable, near Mary Dunn's road. Mary Dunn was a colored woman who is said to have brewed hard liquors in her hut near a pond between Barnstable and Hyannis to which this road led. It was originally an Indian trail leading south.



### THE LANDLOCKED HOUSE

A famous author and a famous artist of Chatham vicinity told this writer of the following situation made believable by an examination of the property and a look at the town books. The elongated house on the right is an attractive yellow, and stands rather austere and imposing to the left of Bridge Road on the way to Stage Harbor. Miss Amelia Cutler, of St. Paul, lives there, and the warm appearance of her home is in strange contrast to the grim, deserted-looking house across the field, that of Mary Abbott, also of St. Paul. As Miss Cutler was not available when the writer was in Chatham, this story must needs be from the villagers and from observation—especially so because nobody associated with the Abbott house was about.

Nobody rents or buys the house at the left, which has been closed and tenantless for years, nor does the owner come here. A short time ago there was a rather heated argument about the right of way to Mary Abbott's house. This was probably brought to a head by a rumor about the town's plan to build a road through the Cutler property connecting with Little Beach Road. There is said to be a legal access to the house in question, but this is some deviating, zig-zag way across the Cutler property. Cutler's private drive is between the two hedges in the sketch; while an open field, at first appearing to lead to Abbott's, ends abruptly in a considerable tangle of trees, shrubbery, and underbrush. The rear leads to the water, so that of necessity the entrance would be over Cutler property; and, although there is doubtless no enmity between the St. Paul citizens, yet *there is no visible right of way, and the house is not tenanted, ever*—so that there must be some difficulty, or the house, beautifully situated overlooking the harbor as it is, would be occupied.





### A VANISHED INDUSTRY OF THE CAPE

A book could be written entirely about the evanescent industries of Cape Cod, for wherever one goes the bleached or crumbled remains of structures which once comprised the foundations of active industries point like ghostly fingers to tell that all passes, and that nothing is so uncertain in this world as the things that man has made. Brick kilns, shipyards which leave no vestige to prove they existed, harbors which have gone with the sifting sands, all like the romantic whaling industry have done their part for a time, but have gone. One of the most fascinating of the old Cape industries was the making of salt from sea water on a large scale, the sun-evaporating method discovered by Captain John Sears of Dennis about the time of the Revolution. This enterprise was more profitable than the experiments of later date in making gold from sea water up in Lubec, Maine. Indeed, about 25 per cent upon original investment was the yield in some cases, especially after Major Nathaniel Freeman of Harwich advocated the use of a windmill to pump the water into the vats.

Additional ingenious schemes advanced the industry greatly, and the finest works were owned by Loring Crocker at Common Fields, Barnstable, then on the site of the variegated, odd-sized houses shown above, sketched from the bay side of the race track at the Barnstable Fair Grounds. When these extensive salt works were going, there were almost 500 plants on the Cape producing annually about half a million bushels of salt and millions of bushels of the rather residual Glauber salts. Other processes were used for making many different types, even Epsom salts.



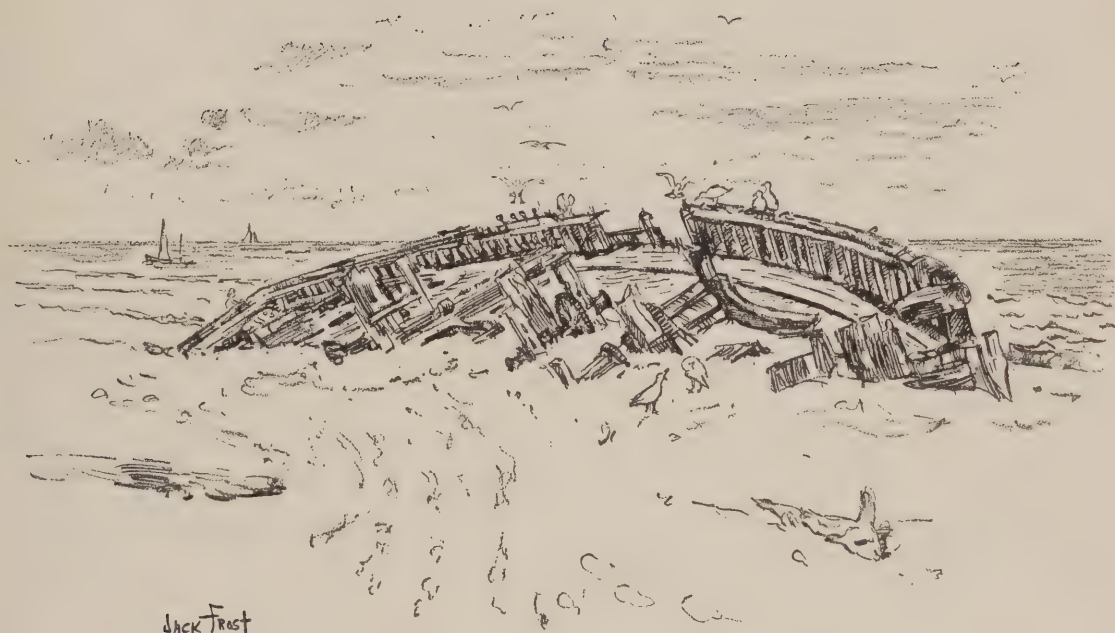
### THE FIRST ENCOUNTER

Cape Cod is famous for first events. Here washing on Monday was inaugurated, and in nearby Plymouth colony, the first Thanksgiving was offered up. The first fulling mill, the first woolen mill, and the first church for the Indians were also on the Cape. Furthermore, the one and only German submarine to fire upon our shores in the World War was sighted off Orleans.

One of the most interesting firsts by a long shot is the spot where Miles Standish and his colleagues were first attacked by the Indians on December 8, 1620. Although this battle was hardly more than a skirmish, the fact that the settlers named the spot the First Encounter shows that they considered it of some importance.

The stone on a knoll off the beach at Bayshore, Eastham, reached by taking Samoset Road from the main highway, bears a plaque telling the history-minded visitor that William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Edward Tilley, eight other pilgrims, a Master Mate, Master Gunner and three sailors were with Standish when the attack occurred. Some feel this was the Indian's revenge for the abduction and sale into slavery of several Indians by Captain Thomas Hunt, an explorer, in 1614.





### WRECK OF THE *ANNIE L. SPINDLER*

There is an amusing and ironic tale about the wreck in this sketch. It seems a French-Canadian skipper was running a cargo of rum off Race Point one dark and stormy night during the Prohibition days. He must have been thanking his lucky stars that he had almost reached Massachusetts Bay, having made the run without an engine and avoided the Coast Guard, when a terrific wind beat down his ship and grounded it directly in front of the Coast Guard Station at Race Point. As this was just at Christmas time, the Coast Guardsmen must have been converted to a belief in Santa Claus.

The good skipper, however, had no intention of losing his cargo as well as his ship. His papers, as was the case with all rum runners, were made out to the West Indies. Vigorously he protested that he had been blown off his course, denying any intention of making for Plymouth, where a "shuttle ship" would transfer the cases ashore. His story must have gone over, for, after he had contacted the owners, he was allowed to have his cargo transported to the Provincetown railroad wharf, where it was taken on by an auxiliary ship. And then, it is said, *that same night the precious cargo was unloaded at Plymouth.*



### A COPY OF A COPY OF A WINDMILL

"The Windmill House" is the chief attraction at Doble's Point, a privately owned development at West Harwich. The windmill house was built by W. H. (West Harwich's initials) Doble, president of the Quincy Pneumatic Scale Corporation. At seventy-eight, Mr. Doble is still actively engaged in business.

There is a two-foot slope-off to the land. Mr. Doble, fascinated by the Dutch style house and mill in Cataumet, thought this style would lend itself nicely to his land and so had it reproduced. The Cataumet mill-house had been copied from an ancient mill. This old mill in turn was similar to the one at Stage Harbor, Chatham.

Doble's Point with its private beach and other accommodations is chiefly famous for Mr. Doble's presence and this unusual windmill house. There is also an attractive house of English design on the estate, built from photographs of houses in Great Britain. Even the sag in one old slate roof was copied further to imbue the house with an old flavor, and the crowd at the store in town, which serves as a popular meeting place, stated that Mr. Doble hadn't allowed for the sag in the broken-slate roof, and it dipped on him.

The mill portion of the house has four rooms with a bath, and was used this summer as a guest house. In Hyannisport there is also a windmill which was used as a guest house, and in Chatham there is said to be another. The West Harwich one was built sixteen years ago. Its owner has been coming to the Point for forty summers.





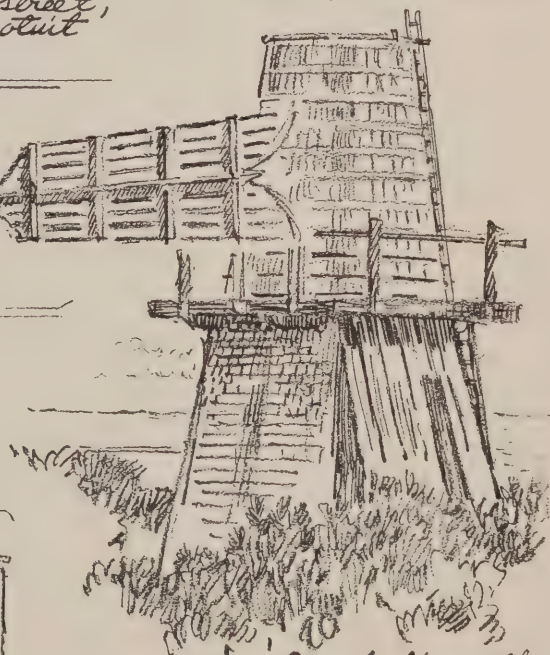
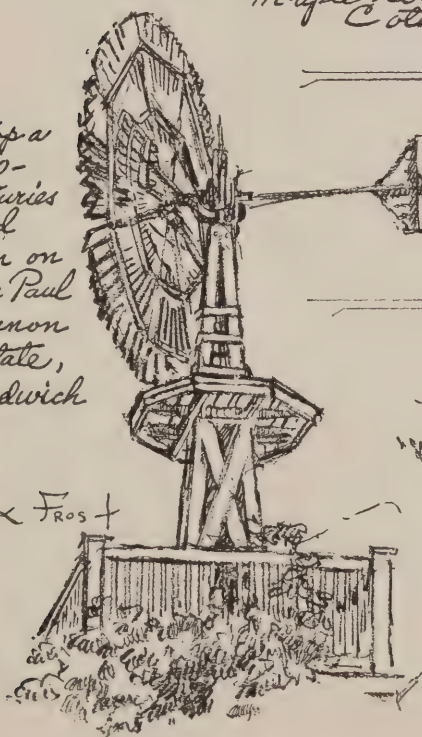
On the Coolidge Estate  
Maple Street,  
Cotuit



Old  
Marston Es-  
tate, Centerville

Atop a  
Two-  
Centuries  
Old  
Barn on  
The Paul  
Lennon  
Estate,  
Sandwich

JACK FROS +



Overlooking the  
W. H. Mayo Farm,  
Near Hailset Beach



#### APPLIED PSYCHOLOGY MISAPPLIED

This lovely spire on the comparatively small First Congregational Church in Harwich is reminiscent of the work of the great Christopher Wren. The church was built in 1832, and re-modeled with present spire and vestibule added in 1854, the Reverend Edward Beecher preaching at the dedication. Between those dates, in 1848, an indignation meeting at which Stephen Foster, Lucy Stone and Parker Pillsbury were present was held nearby, with more than twenty-five hundred attending. This meeting was to protest the action of a Harwich captain who had accepted a hundred dollars to bring a Negro North, but then reneged and advertised him as a runaway.

Pillsbury had almost won the crowd to his point of view with his fiery denunciation until the captain asked for a hearing, admitting everything, but pleading guilty particularly to the young orator's accusation that he was a Baptist. Poor Foster foolishly used this admission to build up his case. The fellow Baptists in the crowd nearly rioted before the captain left, but he calmed them. When he did leave and Foster continued denouncing him as a poor specimen to be a member of any respectable church, they just leaped to the defense of their church and mobbed him.





And it's not a  
turkey drum stick -  
"In memory of  
Mr. Joseph Hall,  
who died  
Feb. 4. 5<sup>th</sup> 1787  
In the 64<sup>th</sup>  
year of his  
Age."



Rev. Nathan Stone died in 1804 at 67  
Mrs Mary Stone, "amiable Mrs  
"consort of the Rev. Dolly Chapman"

All found in the town of Dennis burying ground  
for which a DAHL - cartoonist must have cut stones

LACK FROST



### WANDERING TIDE

Whenever there is mention of the Cape Cod Canal, Orleans citizens point with pride to the Cape equivalent of Paul Revere's ride. This was the colorful and dramatic story of Cyprian Southack. Bent on the King's business under dispatch from the Governor, this doughty individual managed to make his way in a whaleboat completely across the Cape. His mission was to see that the "moon-cussers" of the district did not get the loot in the *Whidah*. This was Black Bellamy's pirate ship, which foundered on a Wellfleet bar when he followed a flare strategically thrown overboard by the Yankee captain whom he had impressed to pilot the *Whidah* and the captain's own captured ship into port. More than a hundred of the crew were drowned in a storm next day, and poor Southack came along in time to bury them, but, some say, not in time to prevent the "wreckers" from cleaning out the spoils of the black one's ship.

The course of the whaleboat was via Boat Meadow Creek, Jeremiah's Gutter, Town Cove, and Nauset Harbor, all of which, due to the record high tide, were connected at the time of his eventful journey—a journey through Nature's own Cape Cod Canal. Some think the same phenomenon may have occurred in the 1600's when Bartholomew Gosnold, who was there at the time, stated that the northern portion of the "narrow land" was an island. The sea still comes within about a half mile "of itself" near the bridge on Bridge Road, shown in the sketch. Local citizens are fond of telling about the unusual occurrence of a two-hour difference in tide at points only half a mile apart. This is caused by the fact that the tide has to "go all the way out around" before it can work from one side to the other. The Boat Meadow Creek portion of Southack's sail was right at the spot shown above, which is almost at the Orleans-Eastham line.





### THE FIRST CRANBERRY BOG ON CAPE COD

The typical Portuguese cranberry pickers shown in this sketch are depicted in a background filled with historical associations. Either the bog shown, which is Chapman's, or another directly in line with the bay behind it, was the locale where almost by luck old Henry Hall discovered the method of propagating cranberries, long, long before the cultivating of the little red berry was put to practical and commercial use. On Mr. Hall's land on the shore of North Dennis (commonly called Dennis, where the Playhouse, Cinema, and School of Dancing are situated), wild cranberries grew in profusion; back about 1816, a storm and high tide spread sand over the "natural bog" and the berries grew with renewed vigor. Emma and Susie Hall, Dennis descendants of Henry, drove the artist over the terribly bumpy entrance to the bog to point it out to him.

The history of cranberrying skips to 1840 or 1845, when several people claim the distinction of first commercially utilizing the berry. Harwich is accepted as the town which exploited the cranberry as an industry, and people in its history such as Alvin Cahoon, who devoted eight square rods to berries in 1845-6, give weight to these claims. Zebine H. Small was possibly the first really to reap much profit from his crop. Mr. N. Robbins in Harwich was an extensive grower, claiming the early berry originated on his land, according to Deyo's *History of Barnstable*, published in 1890. But the Cape Cod Cranberry Association and most authorities on the subject give credit to Henry Hall as the first grower, even though his success was due to chance.



### HOUSE BUILT FROM TWO OLD LIGHTHOUSES

Lighthouses on Cape Cod, like its windmills, have a tendency to go wandering about after their useful service is over, sometimes regaining their usefulness. On Nauset Light Beach Road there are two such examples. One is a home built about a lighthouse, still complete in every detail; the second, the older structure of the two, is a dwelling built between two lighthouses and using both. The latter, shown in the sketch, had an interesting journey on rollers over razed trees and shrubs from its original location. It is owned by Mr. and Mrs. P. J. Cummings of Attleboro, Massachusetts. It looks quite like a bit of Hollywood, viewed from some angles, but is much more fascinating than any artificial landmark of cinema land. One can look through the lighthouses themselves, each of which contains an upper and lower bedroom and still retains its spiral staircase, old windows, and outer-shingle surface. The beacon portions of each were dismantled, but the effect achieved by the tapering cylinders is still preserved, while they also provide useful end-portions to what is now a huge gift shop, 38 x 24 feet.

The lighthouses were sold at auction by the government, bought by the Cummings at a considerable bargain (mainly because nobody else had room for the bulky structures), served them as camps for a few years, and in 1920 were incorporated in this rather amazing home. There were originally three lighthouses, each with a stationary beam, called by the sailors of Cape Cod "the line lights" of Nauset. At that point, the bank washes away about five feet a year, so that the lights have to be moved back periodically.





Joseph Hallett house,  
South Main street,  
Centerville

"Old Bacon House"  
Sea and Gosnell sts,  
Hyannis

"Snow's Inn"  
near Wyckmore  
Harbor, Harwichport



Former Baxter House  
Osterville Shore Road,  
in Marston's Mills

SOME CHIMNEY TYPES  
FOUND ON THE CAPE

JACK FROST  
1939



### WHITE CHURCH

It is bad enough to have a white elephant on one's hands; but a certain Frank Dudley, of Fitchburg, has had the misfortune to be the unwilling owner of a white church. About twelve years ago Mr. Dudley moved the friendly-looking little church to Wellfleet from South Wellfleet, where it had served as the Congregational church. According to Mr. Herbert Newcomb of Wellfleet's "Trading Post," it was to have been used by the local D. A. R. as a meeting place, but that organization unfortunately went bankrupt, and the building reverted to Dudley for his labors.

It has been used as a basketball court and is now a storehouse for furniture. South Wellfleet is interested in buying back the old landmark, and a group there believes it may be able to raise the necessary cash. We wonder if Mr. Dudley will be hired to oversee its journey back home.





### OLDEST INDIAN CONGREGATION

In Mashpee is this small, unassuming church, looking as much like a school house as a place of worship. It has supposedly the oldest active Indian congregation in the United States. The church was built in 1684, fourteen years after Richard Bourne began his religious education of the Indians. Since 1711 it has been endowed by Harvard University in the amount of £60 per year, as the result of an old bequest by an English clergyman interested in bringing the gospel to the Indians. Today the church is Baptist.

The appearance of some of the inhabitants of the town of Mashpee is unusual. It would seem that many strains are represented among a number of the citizens one sees sitting on doorsteps and under shady trees. Mashpee Lake, nearby, is a large, deep pond, and is the scene of the summer home of former President Lowell of Harvard, an interesting association when one remembers the Harvard allotment of funds to the little church.



### THE SIGN OF THE MOTOR CAR

About 1910 the famous "Sign of the Motor Car" in Dennis came into being, not long after the advent of the horseless carriage itself. It came as the result of the desire of Hayden Richardson, son of Trinity Church architect Henry Hobson Richardson, to "get away from it all." He and his wife, Margaret Howes Richardson, who had created the famous "Perplexity Puzzle," for the Duchess of Marlborough, gingerly opened the doors of the Inn, the old main part of which is shown in the sketch. Richardson used relatives as "come on's" to start the first flow of guests, but the Inn progressed by leaps and bounds, becoming perhaps the most famous eating place in the history of the Cape.

But old-timers among the Cape visitors will have to accustom themselves to the loss of the Inn itself. For it has been sold and moved away from Dennis altogether.

But the house is not unaccustomed to movement, for many years ago it was slightly shifted. At that time the only road that ran through Dennis to the lower reaches of the Cape was a lane which meandered through the land of the various residents along the way. The house was properly aligned to the lane, but the new highway departed from the older road and left the house skewed. This so outraged the neighboring Captain Marcus Hall's sense of nautical ship-shapeness that he paid to have the house properly aligned.





### 700 SHIRTS TO WASH

Everyone who reads and hears about the sea captains of Cape Cod knows of certain of their characteristics but sartorial elegance has never been a predominant one. Captain Sumner Gorham Peirce (pronounced "purse"), however, was a striking example of a Beau Brummel, for one summer he returned from a voyage with seven hundred shirts for his wife and friends to do up before he re-embarked in six weeks or so. Mrs. Bruce Jerauld, a relative of the captain, tells this story, but suggests that it might have been after a two-year trip, and that it was not unusual for the seafaring men of the Cape to change shirts twice a day. It was often as cheap to buy new ones as have them laundered while at sea, and this captain once pulled into North Africa to have some shirts done up. As most of these were "boiled" shirts, picture the difficulty of doing them, coupled with the fact that there was no water in the house, that heating irons was long work, and that the pin tucks of those days caused their trouble.

The captain's wife, five daughters, and relatives would wash and iron shirts all day and dance in the evening, while the captain smoked in relaxation or looked in upon his friends in stores and neighboring houses. The large-paned windows of today are probably different from the house as of 1840 or 1850 when he did some of his most prosperous sailing, and it is now known as the Irene Loring house. One of his ships was the *Lightfoot*. Captain Peirce died in South America as the result of poison put in the flour by the cook after the crew had mutinied.



### THE BIRTHPLACE OF FAMOUS CROSBY CATS

In Osterville, on the left after passing a quaint little drawbridge, is one of the most famous boatyards in the country. Here about a century ago was invented the catboat; Horace Crosby designed it about 1850, says H. Manley Crosby, his son, and the youngest of several Crosbys who worked there when Horace and Worthington were in control. The name "cat" attached itself to the Crosby boats when the first trial trip in one was made; the fishermen had been laughing at it, but, upon seeing the run, changed their opinions, remarking that it was "quick as a cat!"

The sketch comprises a view of the Chester Crosby shops and storage buildings on the right, and a portion of H. Manley Crosby's shops on the left. Chester builds almost any kind of a boat to order, while H. Manley builds mostly the Wianno Senior and Junior Racers, of which it is claimed not one has capsized during the last quarter-century. H. Manley carries on the tradition of the Crosby boatyards, for the knockabouts, marconi-rigs, and sloops are quite in the feeling of, but improvements upon, the old "cats," many of which have been motorized of late.

H. Manley invented the bent-oak frame for small boats, and this technique is universally employed now. It began by the use of the steam box of an old steamboat to bend white oak, two inches square. Average prices for small boats seem to be \$700 to \$1000. H. Manley's first boat was sold when he was sixteen after he had quit school with his father's permission. It was a 26-foot "cat" and brought him \$1000. The first catboats were built for Chatham fishermen—not for sporting use.





### ASA ELDRIDGE AND THE *RED JACKET*

People who are connoisseurs of the history and legend of Cape Cod shipmasters, like Henry C. Kittredge, consider Asa Eldridge, whose old home in Yarmouthport is depicted above, to have been the outstanding captain of these parts. Considering the abundance of daring, clever, and lucky seafarers on the Cape in those romantic days, a man who stands out above the others must indeed have been a remarkable skipper. But records and his own log (by the way, the log really belonged to the ship and went with her when traded or sold rather than with the captain who made entries in it, which explains why there are so many old ship's logs to be found in Washington today) point out that his was a career demonstrating outstanding capability.

The famous 260-foot *Red Jacket* of delicate clipper lines is familiar to most people, for it has been widely used to grace calendars. But seamen remember it as the ship which put out of New York on January 11, 1854, and reached Liverpool in thirteen days and one hour, dock to dock—an unbeaten record. Moreover, every day of the trip saw sleet, hail, or snow; yet on the fourth day the *Red Jacket* made 413 miles, an achievement bettered only by such ships as the *Lightning*, the *James Baines*, and the *Donald McKay*. The *Red Jacket* was an extreme clipper, designed by Samuel Pook and built by George Thomas of Rockland, Maine. It was owned by Seacomb and Taylor of Boston, and was sold in England after its famous run. Eldridge also commanded the *Roscius*, Cornelius Vanderbilt's *North Star*, and packets of the Dramatic Line. About two years after his famous trip in the *Red Jacket*, he left Liverpool for New York—doubling back, as it were, on his record run—in command of the *Pacific*, a Collins liner. Dramatically and mysteriously captain and ship disappeared and never made port again.



#### CHURCH STEEPLE ON BLACKSMITH SHOP

One of the most interesting pieces of architecture in Sandwich is the woodshed at the side-rear of the Ellis house. The house is the fourth on the right as one swings left around the town hall after crossing the bridge over the attractive brook near the Old Mill. It was built about 1665 by one Nathaniel Fish, according to George E. Burbank, seventy-six-year-old historian in the town. It is one of the oldest houses on the Cape, ranking with the Dillingham, Gorham, and Dimmock houses; but not quite in the reputed 1637 class of the old Hoxie house in Sandwich.

John Ellis was the blacksmith who used the present woodshed as his work place, and at that time it was on the east side of the Meeting House on River Street. Probably about 1830 or 1840 it was moved, and for the shrewd reason that after opening a new shop in another location, Mr. Ellis wished to guard against a competitor's stepping into his old one and setting up a forge on the same premises.

As to the origin of the church steeple, little can be found out about it, for Jack Leonard, Sandwich writer and historian who pointed out the landmark, knew no more than the fact that it is "a church steeple atop of a woodshed."





### BOW-ROOFED HALF HOUSE AT EAST SANDWICH

A fascinating style of Cape Cod architecture is the half house, a quaint little home with a couple of windows and a door very near the end of the façade, or sometimes, as shown in the one sketched here, with a solitary window and door on the side. It has a delightful bowed roof, and the additional portions just suggested to the right of the sketch have a charm of their own, and certainly serve utilitarian ends as a kitchen and bedrooms. The structure is fastened with wooden pegs, and is thought to date from about 1670. The largest room has two doorways set symmetrically into corners, and the paneling is old. The house served for about a century as the home of the leaders of the Quaker House atop the hill across the way.

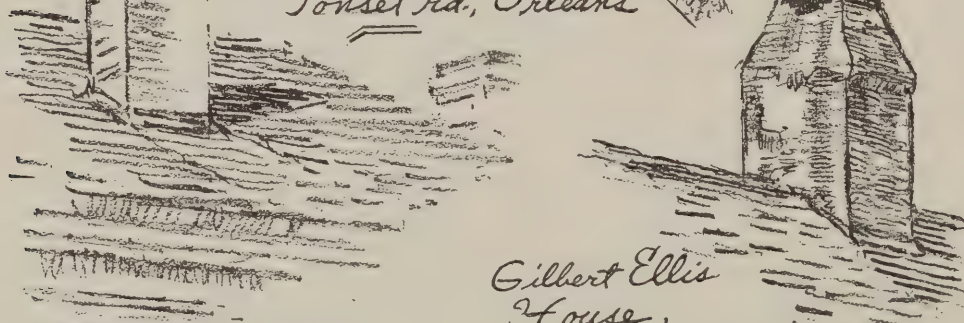


*Cap'n Grey's Inn,  
Barnstable*



*Practical Arts  
Building  
Camp Monomoy  
East Brewster*

*Hurd House  
Cor. Main St. and  
Tonset rd., Orleans*



*Gilbert Ellis  
House,*

*More Interesting  
Cape Cod Chimneys'*

*East  
Brewster*

*JACK FROST*





### DILLINGHAM'S STRATEGY

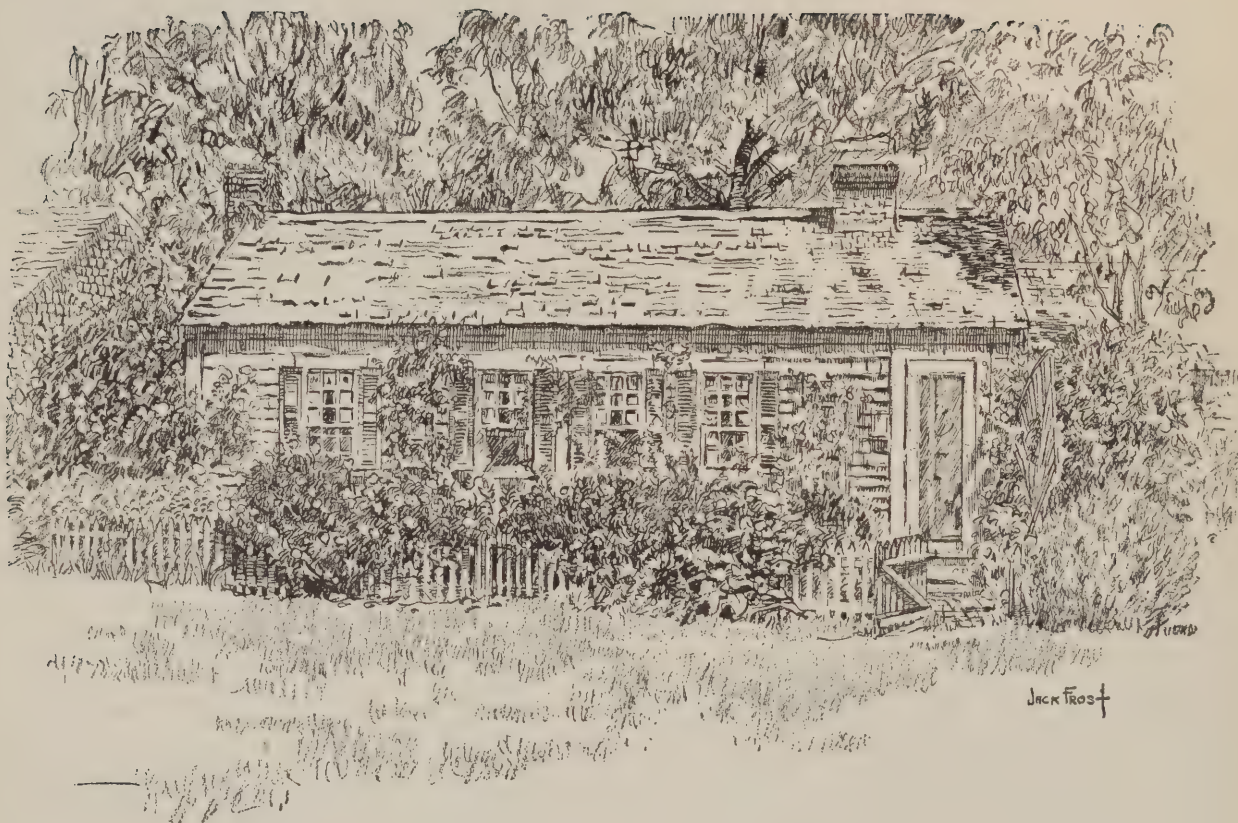
John Dillingham built in West Brewster this house with the curved salt-box roof in 1660 according to the date burned in the pegged rafter in the attic. Dillinghams by the score have lived here since, Nora and Isaac Dillingham, who now live here, being the ninth generation.

In 1863, with James Dillingham master, the lovely old *Snow Squall*, a clipper sometimes called the *White Squall*, was sailing homeward. After the *Squall* had rounded the Cape of Good Hope, the *Tuscaloosa*, a bark, came alongside, Stars and Stripes a-hoist. But when it was close to the clipper, the Confederate flag went up and the cannons were exposed. Dillingham, who didn't know of the hostilities going on, remained still in the lee of the other and then suddenly, under full sail, scudded off beneath a breeze. With dusk approaching, the bark, for all of its auxiliary power, could not overtake the Brewster captain, who returned to New York and received a fat purse for his courage and skill.

Some time after this, Dillingham was approached in much the same manner by a Confederate and tried the same trick, pretending all the time to be peaceably awaiting the Southerner's boarding his boat. But this time, at the crucial moment, the wind failed, his ship was captured and he and his crew were taken aboard the enemy ship. Imagine his surprise when he saw the captain was the very same man whom he had eluded and deluded in '63! This, plus the fact that they were both Masons, evidently made the Southerner happy, for he treated James D. cordially, even giving him a receipt for confiscated instruments, etc., which was redeemed for full value at the termination of the war.

As for the house, it is fascinating throughout, having hundreds of old characteristics, from "holy love" hinges to solid doors and wooden pegs. The paneling is something to write home about.





### "A LITTLE STRANGER," QUITE AT HOME

Mrs. Margaret Richardson, whose former inn, the Sign of the Motor Car, is illustrated in this book, lives in the house shown in the sketch. The artist considers it the most attractive cottage encountered during a whole summer's driving and snooping around the Cape. It looks like something out of *Alice in Wonderland*, or like the little cottage where Snow White watched over her friends. The climbing roses, the deep green of the grass, the diminutive whiteness of the fence, the tiny-paned windows, the welcoming shutters give an effect that can only be described as "delicious."

This cottage in Dennis, a few yards from Scargo Lake, seems so much a part of its setting that it is hard to believe it has been only a few years in its present location. It is an old house brought from Bass River a short time ago.

A most unusual staircase leads from the entrance to the small upper floor. The steps wind sharply upward, with scarcely room upon which to rest a foot; even a sea captain's roll might upset the delicate equilibrium needed in the ascent. Today the house has been extended beyond what is seen in the sketch; but the additions have been made with subtle artistry so that they do not detract from the effect.





### BEAUTY TO SHARE

When you ask about the most beautiful spot to sketch around Centerville and Osterville, the almost unanimous suggestion is to do what is locally known as “Bump’s River,” looking inland. This sketch shows it from the popular thoroughfare over the little bridge.

The swamp grass growing in such profusion shows that there must be a very muddy bottom to this cove-like shelter. The gradually vanishing colors of the sunset mirrored in the calm, grass-broken water seem to speak of the briefness of summer—over before one has really become accustomed to it.

Centerville, a dignified and prosperous village, is on the right of the “river,” and Osterville (on the left), which formerly included what are now Oyster Harbors and Wianno, has two of the most exclusive clubs on the Cape, Oyster Harbors Club, and the Wianno Club, spoken of on another page.

Oyster Harbors is the setting for the legend of Hannah Screcher (or Hannah Screecham) and the varied stories of her association with pirates and their buried treasure, and her “haunting” of the privately owned island, which used to be called Grand Island.

People call this the “boiled shirt” section of the Cape.



#### SITE OF THE FIRST FULLING MILL IN AMERICA

The traveler comes upon the picturesque, placid scene in the sketch abruptly and unexpectedly at the right turn to Marstons Mills on the road to Falmouth from Hyannis. A slab erected by the Barnstable Tercentenary Commission states that the first fulling mill in America was built here in 1689. The town took its name from the old grist mill of Benjamin Marston, who came here from Salem. Evidently he prospered, for he sent his son to Yale and he later became the wise and respected Judge Nymphas Marston. He was an ardent patriot in the Revolution. This patriotism involved him in an interesting episode. He was entertaining some youths who were on their way to defend Falmouth, and one of them accidentally discharged his musket. It just about ruined the dining room plaster. The Judge philosophically remarked that that was all right and that he hoped they would show equal zeal in shattering the ranks of the enemy. The story is that he never repaired the plaster but left the historic dining room in its damaged condition as a memento of the ardent feeling at that dinner table.

It is believed by many people in the Mills that the old house, the chimney of which is pictured in this book, might rival the Hoxie House for age, but nobody knows. The house was formerly owned by the Misses Baxter and bought about 1856 by Captain Sidney Baxter. It had been moved to that place from East Sandwich long before. Now it has been shifted across the road.



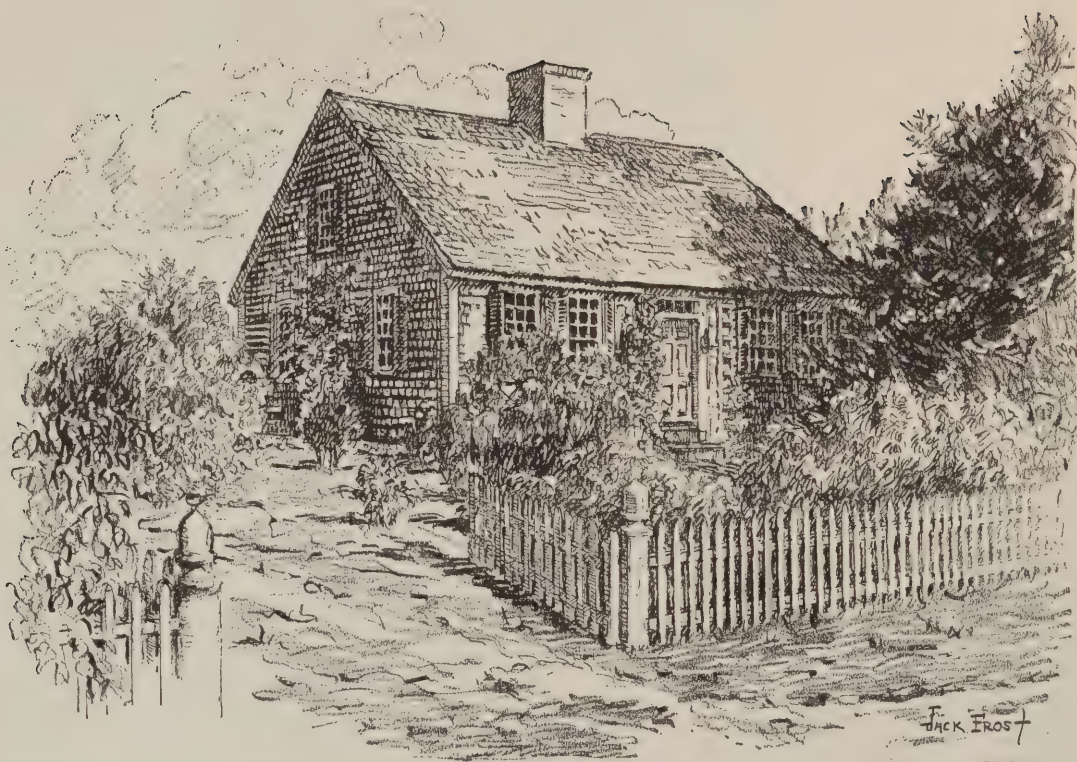


### THE LAST FULL-RIGGED SHIP TO GO AGROUND

The picturesque, desolate-looking ship shown in the sketch, with sails in tatters and hull split in two by the pounding surf, went aground on December 7, 1893. Where a wooden ship once retained its shape after a month of threshing and milling in the surging water near Peaked Hill Bars, the poor old *Jason*, made of steel, snapped in twain and looked as it does in the sketch after a day at the mercy of the waves. Mr. Henry K. Cummings of Orleans took the snapshot from which this sketch was made. He and Truman Henson are the local experts on ships, though Henson comes from New York.

The *Jason* was an English ship out of Calcutta, India, this trip with a load of jute. Twenty-eight men were lost in the sea, and the one person saved was a boy apprentice. He was last up, and was saved from the undertow by hanging on to a bale of jute. The waves washed him upon the beach, near Pamet River Life Saving Station off Peaked Hill Bars. (The next day, one man was seen hanging over the stern of the ship, but he had drowned.)

There have been thousands of wrecks on the Cape. The *Sparrowhawk*, which crashed in 1626 only after it had been repaired and was ready to sail after slighter damage, arose from the sea again nearly two and a half centuries later, and parts are now in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth. The *Wilkes*, *Rolla*, *Caledonia*, *Java*, *Josephus*, *Peruvian*, *Francis*, *Portland*, and *Jenny Lind* were among other sizable ships to founder off the Cape.



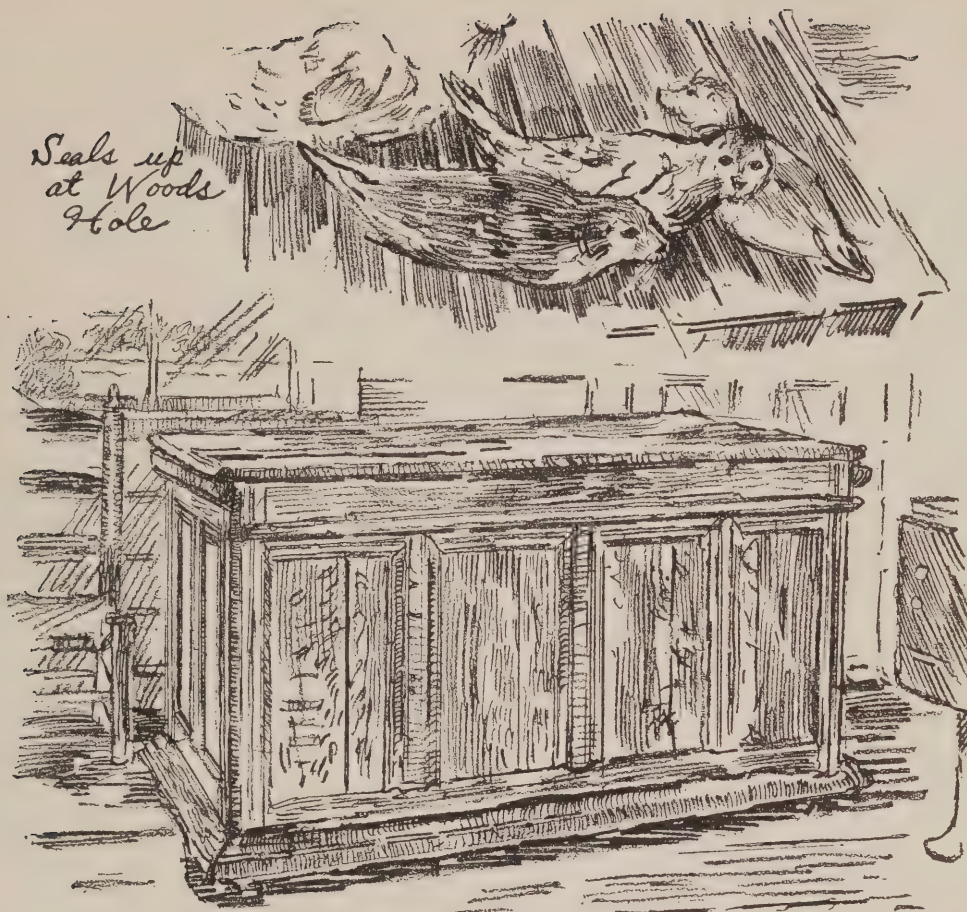
### THE DISCOVERER OF THE COLUMBIA RIVER

One of the topnotchers in the seafaring history of Cape Cod was Captain John Kenrick of South Orleans. A great many authorities believe that it was he who built the typical and charming Cape Cod cottage shown in this sketch. At any rate, if it wasn't his, it was probably that of Jonathan Kenrick, also a seafarer, and a relative of John's. Certainly, the Labrador spruce proves that it belonged to a sailor. The cottage stands just beyond the post office on the right side of the road through South Orleans to Chatham.

Although poor Captain John was blown to smithereens when he was saluted by a British ship whose charge was aimed at the deck of his ship, he had had a remarkable, if not always successful, career. In 1787 he set out in the tubby *Columbia Redidiva*, with Robert Gray in command of the sloop *Lady Washington*, to open up the Northwest fur trade. At the end of a terribly hard voyage as far as what is now called Vancouver Island, Kenrick put Gray in command of the *Columbia* and took charge of the sloop. While he was aimlessly tacking here and there, his lieutenant, on May 11, 1792, discovered the mouth of a great river which he named after his ship, and up which he sailed, thus anticipating by a number of years the exploration of Lewis and Clark in 1805-1806.



Seals up  
at Woods  
Hole



Old Sea Chest said to have "come  
over on the ship, Mayflower" with  
Thomas Hobbes - Shiverick House  
at Dennis



Typical Hay Stack - At Pleasant  
Lake on left of Road to Harwich

Black Frost





### BLUE BLINDS

The Jacqueline house in Barnstable, opposite one of the many treacherous curves in this part of the road, was built over two hundred years ago by sons of Amos Otis and remodeled twenty years later from the original Cape Cod Colonial into the Georgian style. A frame house, built upon a stone foundation, it has the early wide-board flooring and paneling. Opposite it in the backyard driveway, is a little old cottage, said to date from 1680, used as a guest house.

The story goes that the old captain was once painting his wagon and wheels. Some of the paint was left over and the frugal captain applied it to the blinds of his house. The effect is as pleasing now as it must have been in the past. Certainly the captain was charmed with the result, for Mrs. Bruce Jerauld of this historic town informs the artist that there was a deed to the effect that under no conditions were the shutters of the house to be painted any other color but this particular shade of blue. Any violation of this condition need only be protested by the heirs to be immediately adjusted. "Blue Blinds," as the house is known, is one of the beloved landmarks of the Cape. Mrs. Herbert Jacqueline, who lives there now, is proud of the two old parlors with their fine fireplaces and furnishings. There is an entrance hall, a living room, a dining room with fireplace each; while two dens, servants' dining room, laundry, double and single maids' rooms, butler's pantry and kitchen and a bath are all contained on the first floor of the huge house—all of which proves that it must have been comfortable indeed as the Stage Coach House which it was in the past.





*Sears Fence,  
Yarmouth*



*Charles W. Lawton Fence,  
Main street, Harwich*



*Goss Fence  
Main street, Harwich*



*Deschamps Fence,  
Orleans*

*Jack Frost -*



### WYCHMERE HARBOR WAS ONCE JUST A POND

The attractive harbor shown in the sketch, with its myriad small craft belonging to summer people, has an interesting background. It looks like a natural harbor, but it was originally a landlocked pond, and a channel had to be made from it to the sea before these boats could find in it a haven. Old-timers like to tell of the days when an honest-to-goodness race track surrounded the pond, and retired sea captains and others used to run their horses there.

The citizens and summer residents of Harwichport seem prouder of the extended jetty and other government improvements carried out in the harbor than most people are of government projects elsewhere. This view was taken from the state road which overlooks the port from the top of the hill. The name Wychmere was introduced in the last part of the last century when an out-of-town syndicate began to develop the colony here. Some residents still call the place Race Track Harbor.





### THE HOME OF JOSEPH C. LINCOLN

People often wonder whether Joe Lincoln helped “make” the Cape, or whether it might not have helped make him. For the rise of Cape Cod as one of the foremost playgrounds of summering America was during the period when Lincoln’s many famous books were appearing and adding new readers each and every year. Post cards and sketches usually show this beloved author’s home as above, from the road—the most attractive view. While sketching it, the artist had a hard time taking his eyes away from the shaggy old windmill between the house and the shore; but the two mills included in this book are enough to represent the mills of the Cape.

Chatham is the town where Lincoln lives in the summer, and the house is on the left after passing Chatham Bars Inn on the road into town from Brewster-way. Joseph Lincoln loves to fish with old friends on the Cape, and just to sit and relax in his attractive summer place overlooking the famous “bar.” He writes his manuscripts in pencil, and “goes to the office” each day, nearly always working for several hours in the morning. His grandchildren, who delighted in watching the sketch progress, are nice friendly youngsters, and play a large part in his pleasure. Freeman, his son, who writes and sometimes collaborates with his father, seems to be following in his footsteps.



Jack Frost

House With a "Tombstone Walk"  
Minot Hayden's, Sesuit Neck road, Dennis

Scrub Oak  
Growing Thru  
Link of a Chain

ODD ENDA



Which surrounds the 138-  
Year Old Grave of John  
Hall = about on the  
Dennis Yarmouth Line,  
A Mile in Woods toward Bay

"Great Rock" - Found  
by Taking the Third dirt  
Road Right After Entering  
Doane Road, "Nauset"





### DENNIS PLAYHOUSE ONCE A CHURCH

The history of Raymond Moore's Cape Playhouse reads like romance. Born in Maryland, reared in Washington, Moore began teaching English and botany after his graduation from Johns Hopkins and Stanford Universities. His artistic ambitions were stimulated by sale of a landscape, and he was drawn from California to the Provincetown art colony.

In the youthful Provincetown group those who painted and wrote books passed leisure hours acting and writing plays. Mr. Moore quickly found his place in this group, and wrote several one-act plays; then in the following year—1926—he entered the producing field, establishing his own company in Frank Shay's barn theatre. Its success caused him to look for a more central location on the Cape.

An old Dennis church, on the market for a song, caught his romantic yet practical eye. It became, under the hand of Moore and his friend, Cleon Throckmorton, a well-known theatre architect, the present Cape Playhouse. As a theatre, it is unique. It has been a church or meeting house—as old churches were called in the earlier years—a schoolhouse, a tinshop, a slaughterhouse, a blacksmith's shop, and finally a garage. It was built in 1870 as the Nobscussett meeting house. Thrice it has been moved about in Dennis. In its transition from an old church to a modern theatre, Mr. Moore and his architect retained the simple, dignified lines of the old colonial structure, and at the same time met the problem of a practical theatre.

In the thirteen years of its existence the Cape Playhouse has well deserved its title of "America's Most Famous Summer Theatre," for on its stage have appeared the most important and eminent stars of the theatre and motion picture world. From miles around, hundreds have come nightly and two afternoons each week to be thrilled by such stars as Ethel Barrymore, Jane Cowl, Ina Claire, Gertrude Lawrence, Roland Young, and others of equal prominence. Robert Montgomery, Bette Davis, and Henry Fonda made their first professional appearances at the Cape Playhouse and today pay high tribute to Mr. Moore's proved genius for discovering and developing talent for the theatre.



### OLDEST CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH BUILDING IN AMERICA

The white Grecian type church which rests on a little hill above the village of West Barnstable bears with simple dignity the honor of being the oldest unit in America of the Society founded as the Congregational Church of Southwark, London, in 1616. This descendant of the first Congregational Church in London dates from 1717, and its original framework is still intact.

The shining rooster atop the vane of the Meeting House is said by Don Trayser to have been taken down only three times in its long career.

Miss Elizabeth Jenkins, active in the committee, and who lives in the famous Chief Justice Lemuel Shaw house, has many interesting things to relate about the building and its history.

When Waitstill Winthrop died, £22 were spent on trappings for the horses; later the decorations were used to grace the pulpit of the church and the home of the mourning family.





### BOSTON'S OLD NORTH STATION

Fascinating indeed, is the thought that part of the old, affectionately regarded North Station of Boston is now in North Truro on Cape Cod for all the world to see—long after the old Boston landmark itself has gone. This tower is one of the tallest spots on Cape Cod, for at its base it is fully 175 feet above the sea. It looks like a bit of the old Norman world, and although an anachronism for the scrub pine and bayberry setting of the Cape of today, is yet truly effective in it.

The structure of Fitchburg granite is owned by the Brookline lawyer, Mr. H. M. Aldrich, and was moved by rail and truck in 1927 with little difficulty. The road leading to the tower is very narrow, undefined, and overhung with branches—as the battered aspect of the artist's car after the journey out there from Highland Light testifies all too eloquently.



JACK TROST

### CLOCK WHICH RINGS PHANTOM CHIMES

Fancy the amazement of a visitor to the burying ground on Truro's "Hill of Churches" who hears the lovely tones of chimes, but sees no bellringer no matter how long he waits or how diligently he searches. Like most things of a seemingly supernatural nature, the bells have an earthly explanation.

The small building shown in the above sketch is the Cobb Memorial Library at Truro, overlooking the town square. The library was erected as a memorial to Elisha Cobb by his son, Elisha W., in 1916. Although the clock is atop the building as shown, the beautiful chimes which it controls are in the town hall about a half mile north on the King's Highway (now known by many as the highway of the Grand Army of the Republic).

The chimes were also a memorial, but to the younger Elisha Cobb, installed by his daughter, Mrs. Richard McGee. The ingenious arrangement described (working by electricity) is little known, although in the summer tourists drive from nearby towns to Truro to hear the chimes which (when they work, and often they are out of order) are distinguished by their tonal quality.



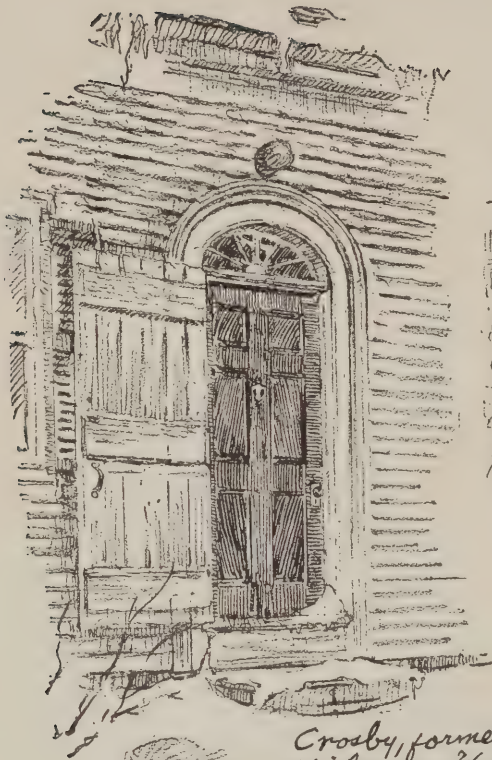


#### CLUBHOUSE FROM WRECK

The unique clubhouse of the Highland golf course is sketched, and its history is just as unusual as the house appears. In April, 1915, a gale swept three barges from the towing line of the tug *Mars* up on the sand bars of North Truro, near Highland Light. After the wreck, the deckhouse of one of the barges, the *Coleraine*, bound from Bangor for a coal port, was dragged to the land, where it served as a cottage for Mr. E. Hayes Small.

There are three rooms downstairs in the *Coleraine*, and rooms upstairs. The house is on the right of the road leading to the famous Light.

Incidentally, Captain Israels, involved in this accident, went by here the night before the artist was making inquiries for this description. Olive Williams of Cliff House identified his barge as it passed.



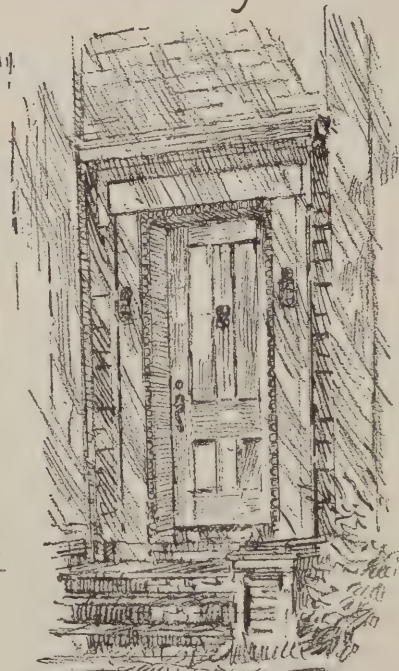
Crosby, formerly  
Nickerson House,  
Bridge Road near  
Orleans - Castham line



Provincetown  
Old Doorway



Quiver Neck Road  
East Dennis



Main street,  
Harwich, Mass.

Jack Frost





### OCTAGONAL HOUSE IN HYANNIS

Captain Rodney Baxter of Hyannis was one of Cape Cod's well-known skippers of the clipper ship era, noted for his swift passages. He made a round trip to Ireland in the schooner *American Belle* in 1847, with food for the famine-stricken people there, and he himself said that the return trip was the shortest western passage over the Atlantic ever made by the fore-and-aft schooner. When he had the extreme clipper *Flying Scud*, he sailed it from New York to Marseilles in 19 days, 20 hours, a record passage for a loaded vessel.

Probably because of his exciting and varied experiences at sea, Baxter had to be original even when it came to building a home on land. Having become interested in the octagonal style of architecture, and wanting more light than was usual in houses at the time, he built in 1850 the house shown above. It is very solidly constructed with concrete walls eighteen inches thick. Built as an experiment, the house looks for all the world like a comparatively modern structure.

The question of how the interior is arranged arouses considerable speculation among those passing it on South Street, but on entering, one is scarcely conscious of the octagonal form. The two main rooms on each floor are nearly square, while two sides of the house form smaller, oblong rooms, and the remaining triangular spaces are used for closets, each having a window. This house is owned by Mrs. Marion B. Godoy of Aspinwall Avenue, Brookline, Mass., and Mr. Jerry Robert is the present occupant.



### TRURO'S FAMED HILL OF CHURCHES

One scene which most Cape people consider more than worthy of delineation in *A Cape Cod Sketch Book* is the Truro bluff known as "the Hill of Churches" with the sentinel seamarks topping it. There is something about the picturesque but somber atmosphere pervading the scene in the above sketch which gives rein to the tourist's imagination, and evokes a wistful melancholy, a retrospective mood recalling the days when men in ships, after a turbulent sea voyage, again faced home and its beckoning steepled sentries. And he thinks of those who never did come back, of those who failed within sight of those silhouettes against the sky.

Although there are said to have been three or more churches atop the hill in Truro, only two now grace the summit. The building on the extreme left is the town hall. The one in the forefront is the town's Catholic Church, and the third one is the more attractive and much older (it must be 110 or 120 years old) Bell Meeting House. Another church which was on this hill is now used as an art studio by one of the well-known local painters.

Jack Johnson tells the story about an old woman who for some reason or other tried to climb through one of the church windows on a dark night. It was just after a ship had been wrecked, and the dead had been laid out in pews and on boxes inside one of the churches on the hill. Upon getting down into the church, the woman put her hand on one of the corpses. Scared out of her wits, the poor soul beat a frantic retreat, and probably thought to her last day that the church was a haunted place. One interesting feature of that church is that the bells are rung by remote control, through an electric connection, from the Truro Library, miles away.





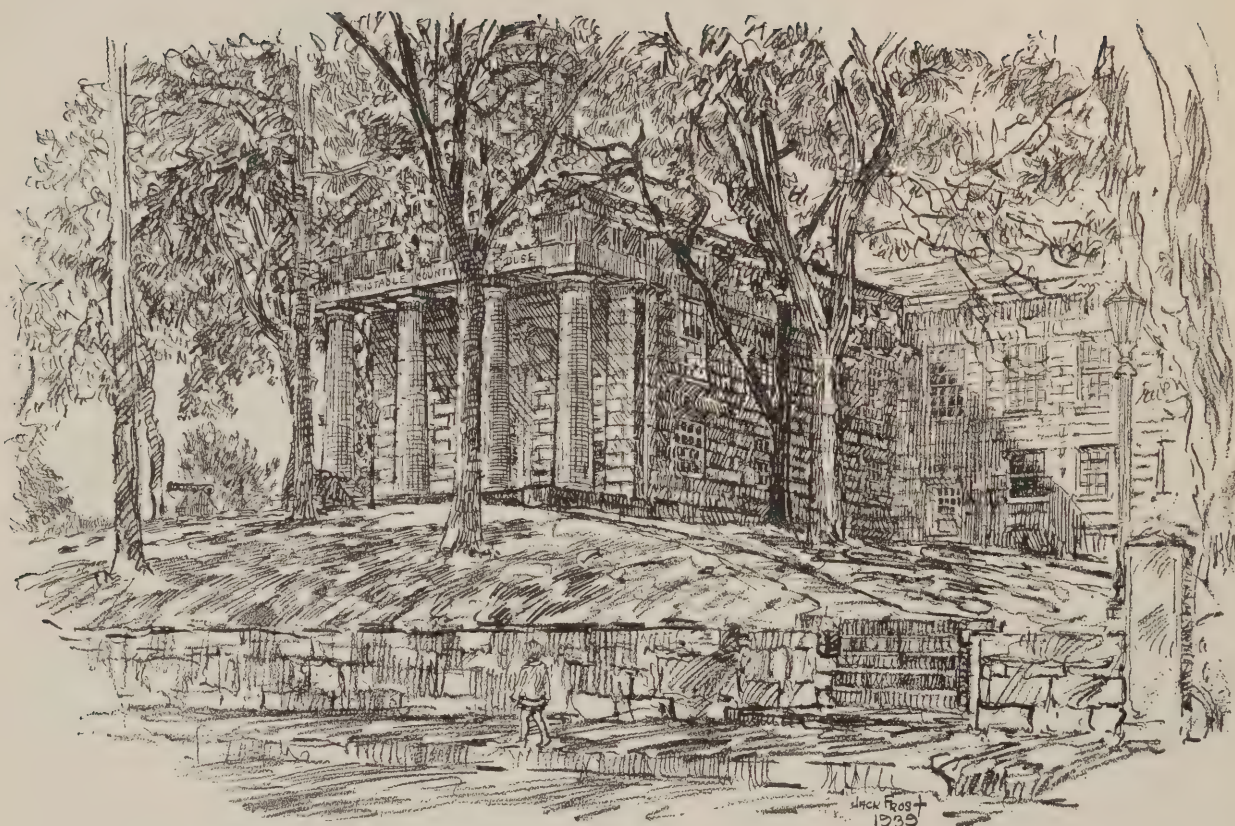
### SCARGO LAKE IN DENNIS

There are two intriguing legends to account for the existence of Scargo Lake and Hill, shown in the sketch, with the crowning stone tower. One story is about an Indian princess, Scargo, who received a gift of fishes. The fishes began to die. Frantically, she went to her father, the chief of the entire Cape, and persuaded him to help. Her idea was to measure a fish-pond site by the distance the strongest brave could shoot an arrow, have the squaws excavate the pond by using clam shells, and thus make it possible for her to preserve her gift. This they did in the remarkably short time of a summer (unless there was a remarkable number of maidens). The excavated sand was dumped to form the present hill. Happily, the fish survived till the work was completed, whereupon the princess placed them in the water. Their descendants swim there today, but are cautious about nibbling the white man's bait.

The second story states that the beloved young giant, Maushop, dear to the Indians, wished to leave them a remembrance of him. He dug a deep hole, placing the earth removed at the south side. Tired from this exertion, he sought relaxation in his pipe, and when he had rested, he spilled his pipe upon the nearest spot, the mound of sand. When his work was done, a heavy rain fell, turning the hole into a beautiful lake. The excavated sand became an impressive mountain, and pine trees galore sprang up from the fertile ash of Maushop's pipe.

The scene is taken from the town landing in Dennis, near one of the actors' cottages. Some people maintain Scargo *was* the Indian maid's name, others that it was the Indian name for skunk, and believers in the Maushop story, that it was the name for pine trees. Dennis historians, however, do say that there *was* a Princess Scargo. The lake is deep in spots, and treacherous, but really beautiful. It catches and reflects in deeper tones the splendid lake sunsets.



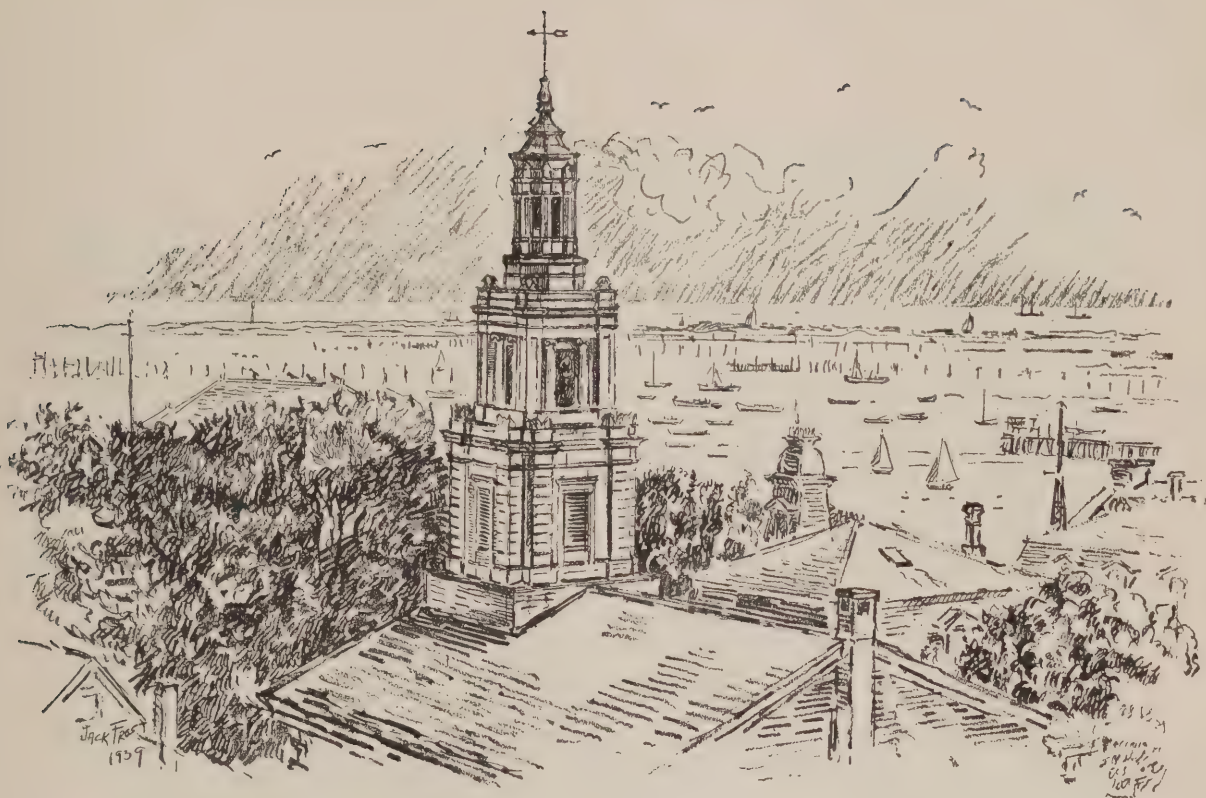


### DECEPTIVE COLUMNS

One of Barnstable County's most prominent and attractive landmarks is the dignified, impressive Courthouse across from the Barnstable Inn. It is the fourth edifice to serve that purpose in this county. The brownish-gray gabled façade rests upon what appear to be fluted granite columns. But here comes the interesting point: the sturdy-looking columns are not granite at all, but really wooden, sand-blasted and made to look exactly like granite.

Other interesting features about this landmark, the main portion of which dates from the 1830's, are the cannon in front, and the small bell inside. The cannon are said to have been sent by ox team from Boston to guard the old Crocker salt works in Barnstable at the time of the War of 1812. They were mounted in the Common Fields but were never needed against enemy ships. As for the bell, one of the oldest in the country, it was the gift of the widow of Peter Adolphe, a captain whose ship foundered with all hands lost near Sandwich at the beginning of the 18th century. Appreciating the thoughtfulness of the minister who wrote to her an account of the tragedy, she gave the bell to the citizens of Sandwich, who put it in the church. Later it was sold to the Court of Sessions, after which it went to the Courthouse. The Latin inscription upon it reads, "If God be with us, who can be against us?"





### PROVINCETOWN'S CROWNING GLORY

Rivalling Sandwich's beautiful tower, and indeed, the rival of any but the world's most perfect church towers, is the "Christopher Wren spire" of the Universalist Church in Provincetown, pictured in the sketch. This view looks out from the famous Pilgrim Monument. Though the monument is the dominating feature of low-lying Provincetown, it gives place to the spire as the gem of the town's architecture.

Nancy Paine Smith thinks the spire may have been copied from or modeled after one of Sir Christopher's designs in England. The church was built about 1846.

The history of the church organization itself dates back to about 1826, when Sylvia and Elizabeth Freeman, while gathering wood on the beach, found cast upon the beach a book, the life of John Murray, contemporary of John Wesley. Cousins and neighbors met and read this book at Enos Nickerson's. Forty-five men and one woman signed a paper, and in one month raised enough money to erect a meeting house. Twenty years later they raised another fund to "build the finest church this side of Boston." And this is it.



### CAPE COD DISCOVERS BANANAS

We have bananas, despite the funny old song, though we might not have become so universally acquainted with this tropic delicacy were it not for a gentleman born in this little house amidst the rolling Wellfleet hills in March, 1840. Lorenzo Dow Baker, who left for sea at the capable age of ten, and who became a skipper at 21, was the inspiration behind the famous United Fruit Company of Boston, of which the late Francis Hart was president. Since Captain Baker's time, many a fortune has been made in this extensive company, but it was just a chance deckful of Jamaica bananas that he brought back on his ship, the *Telegraph*, as a speculation. The next year he brought back a full cargo; a plaque on the Meloripe Building at Long Wharf, Boston, states this was the first full cargo of the fruit to land in the United States.

Before the Captain's venture, the natives of Jamaica had never thought of capitalizing on the bananas which they were so used to eating; but the yellow, delicious fruit later brought them prosperity and saved the island from financial ruin at the time of the breakdown in its sugar market. In 1905, the natives formally thanked the Captain, expressing their great indebtedness to the discoverer of the commercial value of bananas.

There is a slight bow in the roof of Baker's old home, and a delightful picket fence at what seems to be the front, shown at the right of the sketch, facing a cluster of trees and bushes.

This estate is at the end of Bound Brook Island, now almost a part of the mainland. A winding road leads to it, but one must take a dirt fork to the left when near it, or one will be whisked off through the hills, past the lonely South Truro church and back to the highway.





### ENCROACHING SAHARA OF CAPE COD

One hot day the artist perched on the crest of one of Sandy Neck's picturesque dunes, and sketched another between it and the sea. Sandy Neck is one of the unique sections of Cape Cod; it extends for more than seven miles and makes Barnstable Harbor. Strangely enough, the sea, which often eats land away, in the case of this rather desolate strip of sand, originating at Spring Hill Beach near the Barnstable-Sandwich line, is constantly extending it until one day it may reach Dennis and thus close Barnstable Harbor, making it a pond.

Although few ever walk its length, this narrow strip offers countless surprises. You will find here some of the oldest and handsomest dunes on the Cape, a sunken forest, wild life of many kinds, and "try-yards" on which any Barnstable citizen could build a shack in which to make whale blubber. And at its end is the lonely-looking Lighthouse. There are some cottages on the Neck, but the owners use the Neck as a place to "get away from it all"—a place where one can enjoy the panorama of sand, sea and sky, with only wild things to break the quietude.



### 150,000 PASSENGERS A YEAR

Pictures are far better than written description; visiting the actual spots where history was made is even better than seeing photographs and drawings of the places. It is this undoubtedly which accounts for the 18,000 children who sail in the month of June each year on the *Steel Pier* from Foster's wharf in Boston to Provincetown. The children come from 133 schools throughout New England. The vessel docks at Sklaroff's wharf, the name of which comes from an Alaskan with but one arm who owns the pier and who ships fish to all parts of the world.

The *Steel Pier* is the Cape Cod Steamship Company's only vessel although at one time the company either ran or owned at least eighty ships. However, 150,000 people still make the Provincetown pilgrimage on its decks each year.

The moonlight sail in New England is said to have been originated by this company, and the *Steel Pier* seems to be the first choice of all good Yankees in search of an evening on the water.





#### UNDERGROUND SLAVE RAILROAD

The snug, heavily shaded house in this sketch is now the Barnstable home of William F. Hodgkinson, but a century ago it was the home of Alvin Howes, who was enough of an abolitionist to chance bringing slaves North to freedom on his ship. Barnstable also housed slaves who made their way there across the Cape after landing elsewhere. It is said that the unusual cellar beneath this red-shuttered house served as their hide-away in those days when the anti-slavery societies of Sandwich and Barnstable were active, as early as 1837.

The house itself is attractive, and except for the lack of a big chimney which it formerly boasted, is a representative Cape Cod cottage. It is at the left side of the main road through Barnstable toward Dennis and Yarmouth. An amusing balustrade is sported by the side porch, and is just discernible above the sag in the front fence. This house is sometimes called the Asa Young house.





### OLDEST PUBLIC LIBRARY BUILDING IN AMERICA

People point with pride and affection to the tree-covered public library in Barnstable, on the left of the curving road of Route 6 as it winds between Cap'n Grey's and the County Court House. It is indeed fitting that this ancient house should serve as a library today, for the story is often told that the first occupant of the house, the Reverend John Lothrop, in his will, left one of his books to each child in Barnstable. This strong-willed clergyman, who spent two years in a London jail because of his religious beliefs, was the founder of Barnstable in 1639. Thirty-four members of his London congregation followed him to America, first to Scituate and then to Cape Cod.

The oldest portion of the present building is the right end, the house dating from about 1645. The name Sturgis became attached to the house because the famous and philanthropic sea captain, William Sturgis, was born here in 1782, and the fund which maintains the library was one of his gifts. Nobody questions the bold assertion of Barnstable villagers that this is the oldest public library building in the country, and the tourist who inspects it beneath its shelter of huge elms finds this fact an easy one to believe.





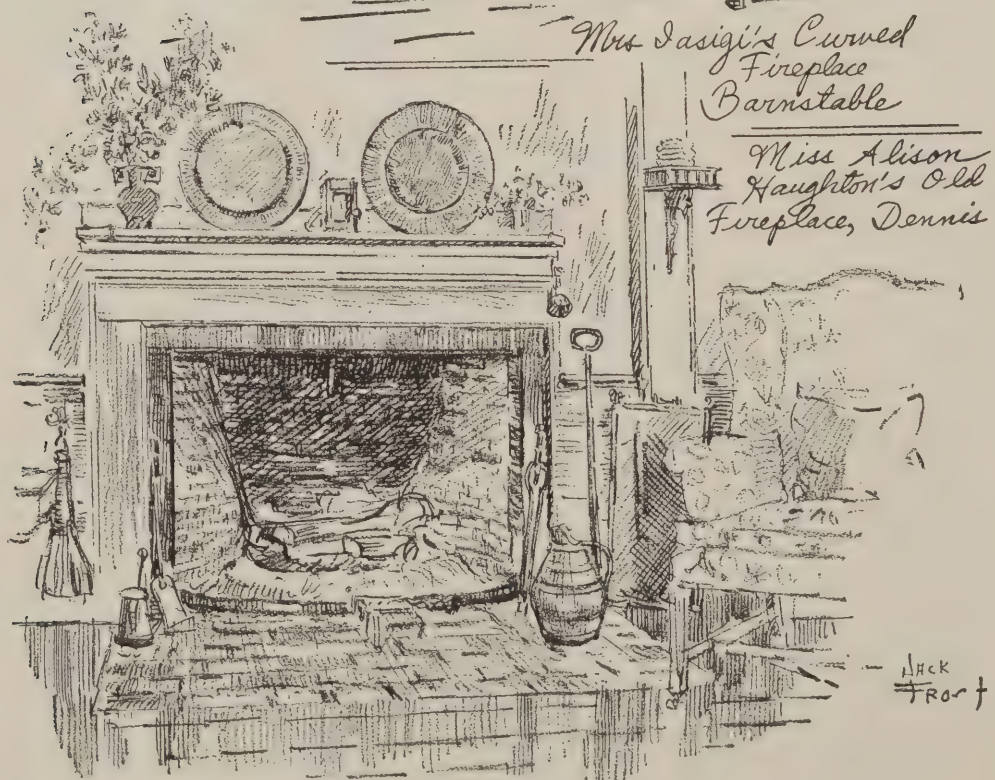
### PROVINCE LANDS

At the tip of Cape Cod is Provincetown, where Pilgrims first landed, where excursion steamers discharge throngs of tourists, where artists and writers flock, and where the fishermen still dock great summer catches and repair their nets in winter. Probably every Provincetown artist—from Charles W. Hawthorne, who is credited with “finding” it as an art center, to the many celebrated artists of today—has sketched the above scene, as it is typically Provincetown, and, therefore, the Cape. It shows the Center Methodist Church rising above a nest of shacks and houses as seen from Higgins’ lumber wharf.

This town, with all of its historical connections, is noted almost as well for a mellow, human story in its progress to its present position as a gathering place for visitors. That story deals with the so-called “Province Lands,” owned by the State, or Commonwealth as it is now known, and which formerly comprised what is now Provincetown itself. Even when the town was incorporated in 1727, it was specified that although the people would have all rights and privileges appropriate to a town of the time, yet “the title of the Province to said lands should be in no wise prejudiced.” However, this phraseology didn’t frighten the stalwart citizens, for although they knew the land was the State’s, they bought and sold property as if they had title to it, fenced off lots in the wild land, and received deeds from the selectmen. Some wanted the State to maintain title so it would spend the thousands of dollars necessary to keep the sand from blowing away; others didn’t believe it owned “their land” at all; others, satisfied that their claims would not be disputed, let well enough alone; and still others wished the State to relinquish title, which it did to the present town in 1893. The proof of the story is that the hindermost wild land behind the town is still Province Land.



*Mrs Jasigi's Curved  
Fireplace  
Barnstable*



*Miss Alison  
Haughton's Old  
Fireplace, Dennis*

HCK  
FRONT





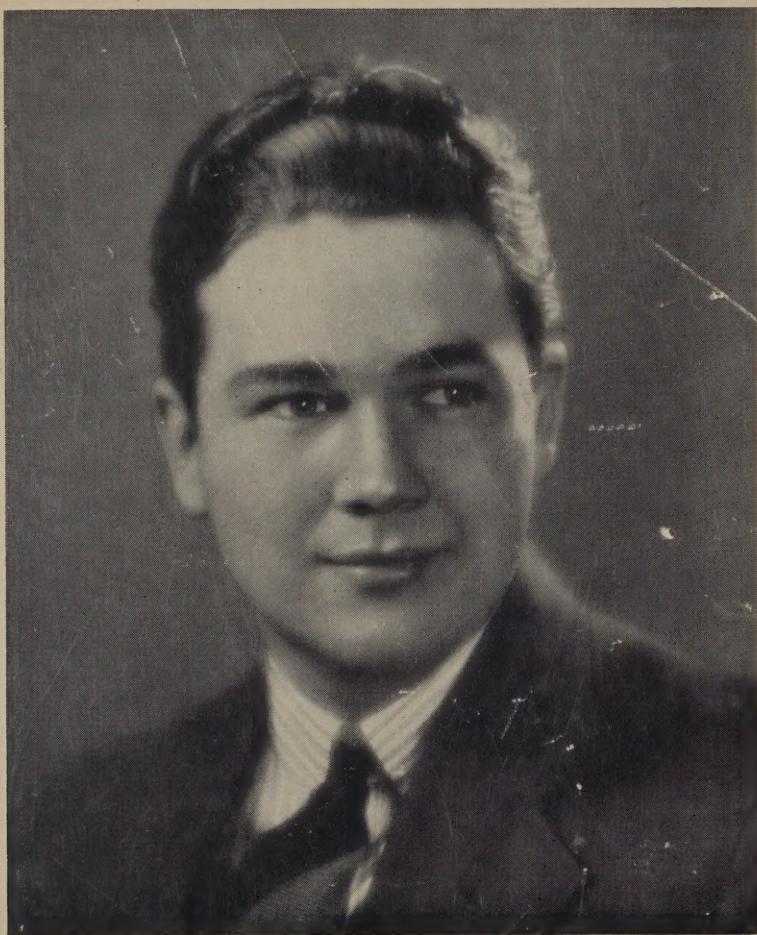
BREWSTER LADIES' LIBRARY



0 2200 0040253 1



Brewster Ladies Library  
Brewster, Mass.



Vantine

# Jack Frost

IN CASE you have already decided that the talented author-artist of this book has resorted to a pseudonym, we reproduce a photograph of the young man and give you our assurance that Jack Frost really is his name. Born and brought up in Eastport, Mr. Frost graduated from the University of Maine and then went to Boston in search of the fame which came to him so soon after his drawings began to appear in the *Boston Herald*. Charles Lee wrote of his first book, *Fancy This*: "He draws with skill, delicacy, and true charm—and has, in addition, a faculty for telling us facts which make each subject lively and interesting." And now Joseph C. Lincoln writes of this one: "It seems to me—and will, I am sure, so seem to all Cape Codders, native or imported, and to those contemplating a visit to the Cape—one of the most attractive and interesting of all the books on the subject."